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VOLUME I, NUMBER 8 FEBRUARY 26, 1970

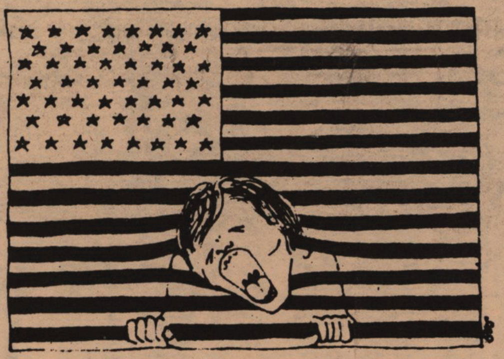
JOIN THE CONSPIRACY

Second Thoughts

A PROGRESS REPORT

We are making significant progress in unravelling EMU's methods of spying on students. We believe we have already solved the mystery of how the "Great Dope Raid of January 1970" was carried out in the dorms. However, we want to double-check our sources because to make an error in this area could badly damage many people.

Also, our Special Services Bureau has completed a report on a most interesting device for you to build. However, we're not sure it's legal, and we want to be sure we're covered before we print it. So be patient, and watch for the SSB next issue.



TYPOGRAPHICAL NOTE

From time to time you may have noticed that we often spell "America" with a "k": "Amerika." This has become fairly standard in the underground press to indicate, where appropriate, the fascist nature of parts of our society. "Amerika" is how it's spelled in German. The Black Panthers often spell it "Amerikkka," for obvious reasons.

CREDIT WHERE CREDIT IS DUE

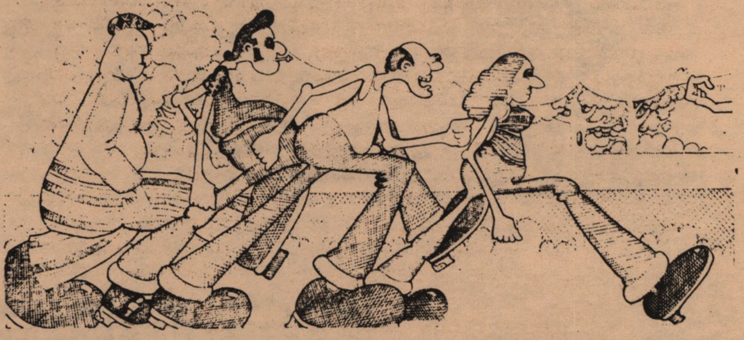
We want to congratulate the dorm student governments for pulling off a beautiful maneuver by instituting open houses without the need for another visit-in.

It's not often that student governments exhibit just the right mixture of threat, bluff, and reasonableness necessary to make administrations cave in.

Even more delightful is the fact that most of the restrictions on open houses are completely unenforceable; after all, what RA in his right mind is going to go around unlocking doors at four in the morning?

The RA's also deserve thanks for supporting the students' rights to use their dorm rooms as they see fit.

It's a pity that such victories are only won when massive student pressure is applied, but such is life when you live inside a dictatorship ruled over by O. W. Harold and his cronies. It makes life exciting but a little wearing at times.



F B I Chief Cites Value of Newspaper Carrier Training

In a message to newspaper carriers, J. Edgar Hoover, Director of Federal Bureau of Investigations says,—

"All Americans should be truly grateful to our newspaperboys for their contribution to our society.

Good citizenship in a democracy requires painstaking preparation on the part of our youth. Our young people, if they are to fulfill their future obligations to our society, must be willing to be of service to the community. They must learn to always respect the rights and the property of others. Honesty, a sense of fair play and industriousness are necessary traits for those who would become useful citizens.

J. Edgar Hoover

SELL THE SECOND COMING!

Ask one of our hawkers where to get them.

It's only ten above zero in our office, hidden deep within the bowels of Eastern Michigan University as we put together yet another outasite issue.

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THE VERDICT AND...

By RICHARD WATSON

Last week five of the Chicago 8 were sentenced to five years in jail for "crossing state lines with the intent to incite a riot." And so ended one of the most important political trials in the United States. Dellinger, Hayden, Davis, Hoffman and Rubin were convicted, just as they had said they would be. Weiner and Froines, the two professors, were acquitted as the jury compromised to avoid a deadlock. Bobby Seale is still in jail awaiting trial on frame-up charges arising from a murder in New Haven.

The First Major Riots of the Seventies

And the chickens are coming home to roost.

The verdict came as no surprise, but the reaction in the country probably scared the shit out of the government. There were street riots in at least twenty cities protesting the contempt sentences and verdicts. These were the first large demonstrations against a trial verdict in the United States in decades. And for each of the tens of thousands in the streets, there were probably a hundred sympathizers.

We all know what happened in Ann Arbor. About 3,000 students marched around campus and then down to the city hall, trashing all the branches of the Ann Arbor Bank in the process. The town was full of pigs for days--they had mobilized police from all over southeast Michigan for the occasion. And President Robben Fleming's house was hit by sniper fire.

In Washington DC, over 1,000 people attacked the Watergate luxury apartment comples in which Attorney General Mitchell and many of his cronies live. The police chased them back to the campus of George Washington University where they could be more easily beaten and gassed. Some people threw the gas back at the police; others threw rocks, snowballs, and red and black paint. A dorm was invaded by the police, and a total of 140 were arrested.

In Boston, 25,000 people marched from Boston Common to a rally at the Federal building where an effigy of Judge Hoffman was burned. The people were told to go home. But people weren't ready to go home, and most of the crowd headed towards the Common, breaking some bank windows on the way. The pigs charged them with clubs; thirteen were hospitalized, and twelve were arrested.

In Madison, Wisconsin, over 1000 demonstrators running through the streets in small bands smashed windows in university buildings, banks, and businesses. The aciton followed a rally of about 3,000 on the University of Wisconsin campus. The protesters had trouble finding windows to smash; most had been boarded up after the trashings of a similar demonstration the week before, when students, after hearing a speech by Jerry Rubin the night before, took to the streets to protest the presence of a GE campus recruiter. In a mid-afternoon spree, bands of demonstrators had caused $25,000 damage to Madison's business district.

In Los Angeles, there were three separate demonstrations, which included traffic stopping and window breaking.

In Seattle, 1200 demonstrators under the leadership of the Seattle Liberation Front, marched to the Court House. Frustrated by locked doors, they threw red and black paint. They were chased off by pigs several times, but regrouped again to tear off the door handles and break the glass doors.

In San Francisco things started off early when business executives on Montgonery Street (San Francisco's equivalent to Wall Street) couldn't do business quite as usual: the locks on their offices were filled with epoxy glue. A noon rally drew 2,000 to the Federal Building, where 25 lawyers burned their bar certificates giving them the right to practice law before the Superior Court. "This is what happens when the law becomes fascist," said a spokesman from the Lawyers' Guild.

In Berkeley there were more bombings. At midnight on February 16 a bomb went off on the window ledge of the Haight-Ashbury police station. All the windows were blown out and the walls cracked. One policeman was critically wounded and half a dozen others required hospitalization.

The Amerikan Judicial System

The establishment media have been moaning about how the Chicago trial destroyed the faith of young people in the "judicial system" because both the judge and the defendants didn't "play by the rules." The implication is that if everybody played by the rules everything would be okay. But the "rules"--the anti-riot law in this case--are unconstitutional and an attempt to break a social movement.

However, even beyond that, a "judicial system" is not a set of rules, but rather how the courts operate. And the Chicago trial illustrates how the courts in Amerika do operate--it was the norm, not the exception. The judicial system usually produces convictions based on little if any evidence, and Amerikan judges usually issue rulings contrary to the law which they are sworn to uphold. Most state and lower federal judges are corruptly tied into the local power structure and are openly biased in favor of the prosecution.

Berkeley Demonstrators Stone Stores

What surprises me is that anyone could have thought the Amerikan judicial system dispenses "justice." What it usually does is defend the interests of institutions instead of individuals, and the rich instead of the poor. I guess people have been deceived because the vast majority of court cases are never publicized. It's only the Supreme Court that most people pay any attention to. And we have had a Supreme Court which, over the past two decades at least, has struck down some of the more blatant stupidities and injustices in Amerika--racial segregation, prayer in public schools, malapportionment of legislatures, and so on. It has also freed many people convicted under unconstitutional laws or deprived of their rights. These decisions have served to give a superfitial veneer of fairness to a system which is fundamentally not that way.

The Supreme Court is only the tip of the iceberg. What's under water is almost always corrupt and unjust. And this serves the purposes of the ruling class. The initial corruptness and stupidity of the lower court system insures convictions. These convictions put people out of the way. In political cases, they may help kill a movement. *Then, years later,* when the Supreme Court beneficently reverses their convictions, the white liberal thinks "Ah, what a noble edifice of justice!" But by that time, the damage has been done. A person has been imprisoned, perhaps for years. By the time he gets out it will be too late, for his job is certainly gone and his social movement damaged.

Therefore, the rulers get the benefit of *both* the conviction *and* the subsequent "liberal" reversal.

THE SYSTEM

The Trial: Just Routine

Just look at some of the things that happened during the Conspiracy trial. People were shocked, of course: Can this be our system? You bet.

Item: Police undercover agents lied on the stand. So what? Talk to any criminal lawyer. He'll tell you the police could seldom get convictions if they didn't lie, since they're so incompetent. Happens every day.

Item: A judge who is part of the Daley political machine and is blatantly biased in favor of the prosecution, but refuses to disqualify himself. All part of a day's work. Check out the local Michigan judges if you think it's strange. The judge and the prosecutor are almost always part of the same team.

Item: Marshalls beat up spectators. Bobby Seale is beaten in jail. This is normal procedure. People who are defenseless are always beaten up by police, whether on the streets or in the jails. It's just that "the whole world was watching" in Chicago. It's not watching in the Washtenaw or Wayne County jails, where there are frequent prisoner suicides.

Item: Appeal bond is denied the convicted defendants. Naturally. Bond is set illegally high or denied in all state courts where the case is political. Just look at the bail set on Rumptz and Gordon.

Item: The prosecution gets all its objections upheld, and the defense always loses. This *is* rather unusual, except we have to remember that in most cases there isn't even a competent defense. In the Chicago case, Hoffman simply ignored the defense.

The Appeal

Well, what of the appeal, that process which is supposed to correct all the deficiencies of the fascist lower courts? Bill Kunstler, one of the Conspiracy law team, says "There are so many grounds for appeal in this case that it staggers the imagination." Among them are:

1) The illegality of the enormous amount of wiretap evidence used by the government.

2) The failure of Hoffman to let potential defense witnesses like Ramsey Clark and Ralph Abernathy take the stand.

3) The unconstitutionality of the anti-riot law, which attempts to punish a state of mind--intent to incite a riot--held while crossing over a political boundary.

4) The fact that the jury compromised in reaching a verdict. They are not supposed to do that. Each of the 12 jurors is supposed to be morally certain that the verdict is correct. Appeal on this point is difficult because Hoffman has forbidden the lawyers to talk to the jurors, which again was to be expected.

5) The failure of Hoffman to grant a mistrial on the numerous occasions when the prosecution made disparaging remarks about the defendants.

6) The failure of Hoffman to let Bobby Seale defend himself.

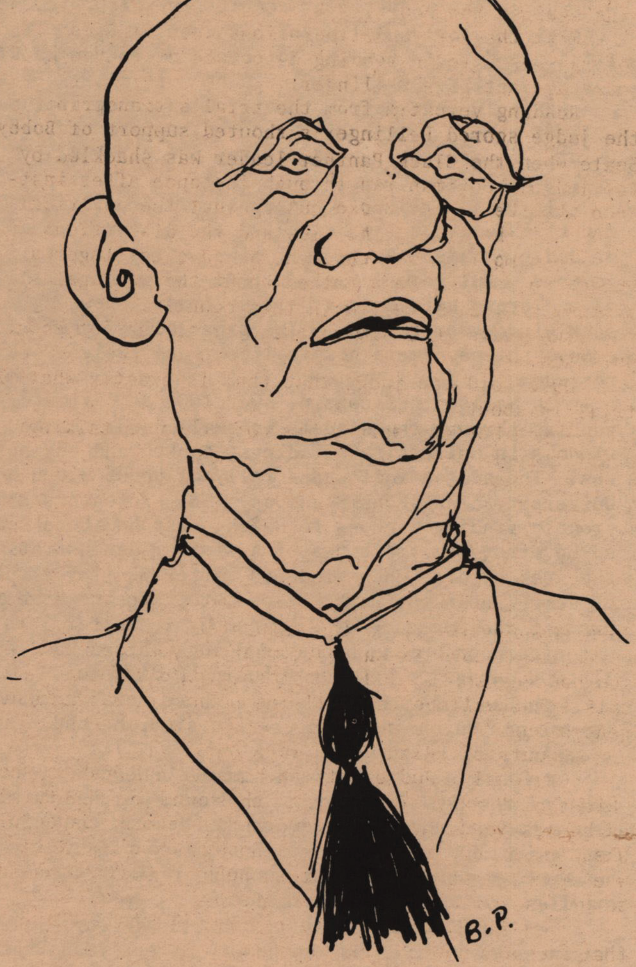
7) The failure of Hoffman to let the defense lawyers question witnesses like Mayor Daley about their illegal efforts to keep a parade permit from being granted.

8) On the contempt sentences, the fact that a judge can't give out more than a six-month sentence without a jury trial, and that "summary contempt" citations are supposed to be used only during a trial to keep order, not after it is over with.

However, "justice" at the appellate level is not assured. The case now goes to the Seventh Circuit Court of Appeals, which also sits in Chicago. This court is not particularly liberal or reactionary. But if the government wants the Chicago 10 (including the lawyers) in jail badly enough, it can bribe or threaten these judges into upholding their convictions. After all, they are only human. Ditto the Supreme Court. By the time the case gets there Carswell will have joined Burger, and the Court will have an operating fascist majority.

There is no guaranteed victory for social movements like ours. In fact, damn few have won in Amerikan history. But it's very unlikely that such clumsy attempts at judicial lynching will be able to crush ours. It's too large. A few people may spend some time in jail, but Amerikan institutions are cracking.

Have you seen the high schools lately?



Betsy Phipard/LNS

Judge Julius "Magoo" Hoffman

CONTEMPT

By LIBERATION NEWS SERVICE

CHICAGO (LNS)--The cluttered defense table at the trial of the Conspiracy Eight in Chicago was finally cleared of defendants February 15, as the last of the men on trial for conspiring to riot at the 1968 Democratic National Convention were sentenced to prison terms for contempt of Julius Hoffman's court.

Hoffman, who gagged, chained and jailed Black Panther leader Bobby Seale for contempt last October, also sentenced both defense lawyers, Bill Kunstler and Len Weinglass, to prison for "attempting to sabotage the Federal judicial system."

Kunstler's 4-year, 13-day sentence is the longest that Hoffman imposed--longer even than the four years Bobby Seale is now serving--and the harshest contempt jail term ever given out anywhere in a U$ court.

The government's justice machine ground the trial to a close February 14, sending the jury out to deliberate after it listened to summations by the government prosecutors and the defense, and to the judge's charge. Hoffman then spent a harrowing two days reciting his account of the defendants' and the lawyers' sins against the court.

With the jury's deliberations only minutes old, Hoffman was already reading 34 counts of contempt of court against Dave Dellinger.

Reading verbatim from the trial's transcript, the judge scored Dellinger's shouted support of Bobby Seale when the Black Panther leader was shackled by the judge. Hoffman ran through instance after instance when Dellinger spoke out against the political nature of the trial, the lies and the distortions.

When Hoffman was through, he gave Dellinger a chance to speak. Dave talked about the war against Vietnam and about racism in this country.

The judge told him that the trial was not about politics.

Dave told the judge that that is exactly what the trial is about.

Judge Hoffman warned him not to go on talking about things like that.

But Dave kept on talking: "You want us to stay in our place, Judge Hoffman, but we won't. Just like black people won't stay in their place, or poor people, or women won't stay in their place. First you wanted us to be like good Germans and say nothing about the evils of this decade. Now you want us to act like good Jews and go quietly to the slaughter.

"The record is an indictment of you, not us. If you had any sense, Judge Hoffman, you'd realize that this trial will be the rallying point for a whole new generation."

Shouts of "Right on!" rang out.

Curiously, Judge Hoffman himself has had to shout "Right on!" many times during this part of the trial, as he has read the court reporter's record--especially when there were references to Bobby Seale's ordeal, when people shouted support to Bobby. Hoffman has done so with a bizarre, distorted gusto.

"Sit down, Mr. Dellinger. Mr. Marshall, have that man sit down," the judge said.

Dave's daughter, Tasha, applauded her father. Judge Hoffman looked at her, furious, and ordered her thrown out. She had been excluded from the trial the day before for an "outburst," and was allowed in only when she promised to "behave" herself.

Tasha gripped the back of her seat as a burly woman marshall pulled her to the ground.

The courtroom exploded. Several Conspiracy staff members hurled themselves into the middle of the melee to protect Tasha. Screams and shouts rang out and the entire room was on its feet.

Dave tore himself from the marshalls and ran up to Tasha, shouting, "That's my daughter! They're hitting my daughter! Leave my daughter alone!"

Two staff members were arrested and held on a total of $35,000 bail--one charged with a felony for "assaulting an officer."

As Tasha was dragged from the court, she shouted, "You fucking Hitler!" at Hoffman, while the marshalls, spectators, reporters and staff exchanged punches and shouts.

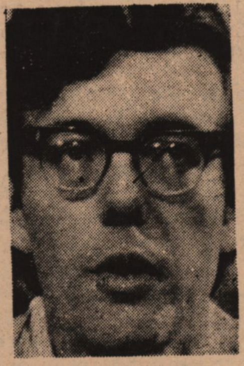
Bill Kunstler made his way up to the bench, tears running over his cheeks, and accused Judge Hoffman of destroying his life and everything it stood for. The judge sat imperiously and kept asking for order in the courtroom.

He leaned back in his leather seat and planned to turn over the next six defendants into the custody of the Attorney General of the United States--as he had just done in sentencing Dellinger.

As Dave was taken from the court, he turned, raised his fist, and said, "Right on, beautiful people! Right on, black people, poor people, young people. Right on!" Just before he got to the door, he turned, smiled, and said, "Not to mention Latin Americans!"

Several spectators and reporters clapped, and were ejected from the court.

DAVID T. DELLINGER, 53,



RENNIE DAVIS, 29,

* * * * * * * * * *

As Dave left for the lock-up, Rennie Davis looked at the judge and exclaimed, "You just jailed one of the most beautiful, courageous people in the United States."

Hoffman smiled: "Well, then, let's talk about you next, Mr. Davis."

Rennie got 23 counts (which amounted, he said, to 22 minutes of "disruption" in a trial of five and a half months), and he was sentenced to 24 months in prison.

One contempt citation came down when Rennie brought into court a birthday cake for Bobby Seale. It was confiscated before he could bring it into the courtroom, so when he saw Bobby inside, he shouted, "They've arrested your cake, Bobby."

But the incidents of good humor which the judge could not abide and for which defendants went to jail are not the key thing. What the judge could not abide a thousand times more is that one after another, the remaining defendants, in their pre-sentencing statements, referred to their solidarity with Bobby Seale. In fact, each of the seven defendants is now in jail at least partially because he spoke out on Bobby's behalf--before the judge ordered Bobby out of the courtroom and into jail on contempt.

"I've heard enough about Bobby Seale!" shouted a purple-faced Hoffman at one point in Rennie's statement. "Do you know what that man called me?"

"A racist, a fascist and a pig," shouted Rennie.

"You know how many times he called me that?" the judge asked.

"Many times," said Rennie, "and not enough," adding: "You represent all that is old, ugly, repressive and bigoted in this country, and the spirit at this [defense] table is going to destroy you."

TOM HAYDEN, 29,

ABBIE HOFFMAN, 32.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Tom Hayden's contempt sentence will keep him inside (aside from the five years he got for "crossing state lines with intent to incite a riot") for 14 months on 11 citations--for raising a fist in greeting to a friend, for refusing to stand for the judge, for mentioning, in front of the jury, how former Attorney General Ramsey Clark was barred from court as a defense witness.

Tom's pre-sentencing statement ran for 15 minutes in measured, intellectual tones. He primarily ran down what he knew about the Ramsey Clark incident, mentioning how Justice Department officials had tried to convince Clark not to testify.

The judge seemed to be able to maintain his cool when confronting Tom, at least up to a point. Smiling, he told Hayden, "A fellow as smart as you can do pretty well under this system."

Finally, Tom talked about how punishment would affect him. Tears welling in his eyes, he explained that there is only one thing he regrets about being shipped off to prison. "I want to have a child," he said between two very long pauses.

Hoffman recovered from his seeming half-sympathy for Tom and remarked nastily: "The Federal system can't help you with that, Mr. Hayden."

Hayden retorted: "The Federal system can't help you stop a new world from being born, Judge Hoffman."

* * * * * * * * * * *

Abbie Hoffman's contempt sentence was surprisingly short, eight months on 23 contempt citations. The charges came down for Abbie's running comic commentary, for his bitter though sometimes laughing attacks on the judge, for baring his body, for donning judicial robes in court, for refusing to stand, for dancing, for making noise.

Abbie, too, had a statement. He stood facing the judge as two big marshalls came to stand behind him. "Say, what are you guys getting nervous about?" he asked. Then he spoke to the judge in a loud, strong voice.

"The only way you can win this case, Julie, is by putting us in jail for contempt. And we *are* in contempt. Of this system, this court--and of *you,* Schultz. That's how you win this fucking case."

The marshalls closed in on Abbie as he voiced his support for Bobby Seale. The judge told him to shut up.

"No, I will not shut up. I'm not an automaton like you. 'The best friend the Negro people ever had,' huh? How many black people in the Standard Club? How many own shares in that war munitions company you own?"

The judge ordered him into his seat.

"I can talk from here, too," Abbie said to a marshall. "Where decorum is repression, the only dignity that free men have is to speak out. When I was a witness, the prosecution asked me on cross-examination what I was wondering about at a certain time. I've never been on trial for my dreams before. How can I have respect for what you call the highest court in the land when it puts me on trial for my dreams?" said Abbie with a strained voice. "The *people* are the highest court in the land!"

Judge Hoffman then ran off the contempt sentence and marshalls led Abbie out. Just before he left the court, Abbie went up to his wife, Anita, kissed her, and said, "Don't forget to water the plants."

LEE WEINER, 30.

JOHN FROINES, 30,

JERRY RUBIN, 31,

Judge Hoffman was getting tired, so Abbie was the last defendant to disappear into the pen that afternoon. Jerry Rubin, John Froines and Lee Weiner were saved for the next mroning, a Sunday. So were Bill Kunstler and Len Weinglass; Hoffman had already announced that they were in for it also.

When Jerry's turn came, he got 25 months. He said to the judge, "Everything that happened in Nazi Germany was legal. It was all done in courts like this, by judges. They said, 'This is law. Respect it.' This is the closest thing I have seen to Nazi Germany." Jerry's wife, Nancy Kurshan, cried out to him as he was being taken off to jail, and Jerry shouted, "Sadist! Sadist! Sadist!" at the court. Later, at a press conference, Nancy said, "Julius Hoffman is the hangman for a death culture."

* * * * * * * * * * *

Lee Weiner, who said very little during the trial (which filled 20,000 pages of official transcript), received two and a half months, the lightest of the contempt sentences. Lee told the courtroom, "I sat here quietly for the most part as I've seen you abuse and bury the childlike notion that in the courts of America justice is somehow attainable. I sat in a quiet rage as I've seen the best men in America belittled and attacked in small and large ways."

Hoffman spoke to Weiner. "Years ago," the judge said, "I was a teacher at the same school as you"--referring to Northwestern University, where Weiner taught sociology and Hoffman taught law.

"I know," Lee said. "Now there is an auditorium named after you there. Hoffman Hall."

"Yes, there is a Hoffman Hall; it's kind of you to mention it here," smiled Judge Hoffman.

"No, my intention is evil," answered Lee. "The plaque with your name has been ripped off the wall, and I wouldn't advise you to visit any law school after this trial is over."

* * * * * * * * * * *

John Froines was sentenced last, before the lawyers, to six and a half months. Hoffman was in such a hurry to get at Bill Kunstler and Len Weinglass that he almost forgot to hand down a sentence after reading off John's contempt citations. Assistant Prosecutor Schultz had to remind him to do it.

"When history is written," John said, "the men who sat here at the defense table, those in the spectators' section, those who sat outside all night to get in, they will be the heroes."

He was taken away after ending his short statement, in which he said simply that he would like to go and join his brothers.

* * * * * * * * * * *

When it came to Bill Kunstler's turn to listen to Judge Hoffman's litany against him, the long listing of "contumaciousnesses," ten extra marshalls were brought into the courtroom, filling up most of the aisle space in the spectator and press section. Staff members of The Conspiracy were excluded from the courtroom. The last row of the spectator section was filled with plainclothes cops from the Chicago Red Squad, who smiled to themselves as Hoffman read off 24 citations of contempt against Kunstler (who has represented Martin Luther King and H. Rap Brown, favorites of Red Squads everywhere).

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Hoffman cited Kunstler for contempt for asking questions "designed to delve into the substance of a document" after being ordered not to; for referring to the chaining and gagging of Bobby Seale as a "disgrace" and a "medieval torture"; for defying a court order to sit down after protesting that Bobby's chains and gag were reminiscent of "300 years of slavery"; for asking witness Mayor Daley "83 questions which were objectionable"; for accusing the judge of prejudicing the jury against the defendants and saying "I'm sitting down under protest"; for interrupting U$ Attorney Schultz, who was arguing to exclude Ramsey Clark as a defense witness, and saying, "Mr. Schultz can't represent anything in its proper perspective"; for calling a ruling by the judge "outrageous" and adding that he was going to "say my piece and you can hold me in contempt right now....You have violated every sense of fair play in this courtroom. This is not a fair trial. If I have to lose my license to practice law and go to jail, I can think of no better cause to go for. These men are going to jail on a legal lynching, and you are responsible for it."

He was also sentenced to six months for embracing Ralph Abernathy, and six months for "tone of voice" when disputing a point with Magoo Hoffman.

Kunstler got four years and 13 days; much of what he did and said was done and said by the defendants, too, as well as by Len Weinglass, who was sentenced immediately after Bill and received 20 months.

Kunstler told the judge about his long legal career, about how he had never before been disciplined in a court, even though much of his practice has been done in hostile Southern courts.

"I am sorry if I disturbed the decorum of the courtroom [when he broke down and cried after Tasha Dellinger was dragged off], but I am not ashamed of my tears. Neither am I ashamed of my conduct for which I am about to be punished.

"I may not be the greatest lawyer in the world, but I think that I am, with my colleague Leonard Weinglass, the most privileged--being punished for what we believe in."

Clenched fists shot into the air, and people applauded. Those who did were pulled from their chairs and ejected. Then Judge Hoffman declared, as though he couldn't believe the disorder, "Only the record can reveal what has gone on here." More shouts of "Right on!" echoed through the courtroom.

Hoffman went into a monologue of several minutes about crime in the streets, and how men like Kunstler and Weinglass are responsible for it: "Rising crime in this country is due in large part to lawyers waiting in the wings, who are willing to go beyond professional right and professional duty in the case. The fact that criminals know that such a lawyer is there waiting has a stimulating effect on them."

The judge chastised Kunstler for not "controlling" his clients, particularly Bobby Seale (who was not in fact ever granted his right to his own counsel, as he demanded). "Never once did he say to Mr. Seale, to calm him down, 'Bobby, come on, sit down!'"

The trial, but for the verdict, ended with Len Weinglass's statement before sentencing. He said that the court for the past five months had provided him with the "richest, warmest associations in my life." He praised the people who "slept on the floor of my house and made do with only $20 a week" to work for the defense.

Hoffman gave Len an admonishing glance; "Your conduct in court," the judge said, "must have caused the people you worked with to lose respect for you."

Ann Froines, the wife of John Froines, jumped up and shouted, "There's no man in this courtroom I respect more than Len Weinglass," and she walked out. Immediately Mickey Leaner, of the Conspiracy legal staff, a young black woman, got to her feet and exclaimed, "Judge Hoffman, you *are* a racist and a fascist and a pig." (Back in October, Hoffman had scolded Mickey for holding hands with Bobby Seale while he was shackled and gagged.)

As Mickey was thrown out of the courtroom, Kunstler stood up, embraced Weinglass, and kissed him on the cheek. In the back row of the spectators' section of the courtroom (Abbie Hoffman calls it a "neon oven"), the Chicago plainclothes pigs snickered to themselves and called Kunstler a "faggot."

* * * * * * * * * * *

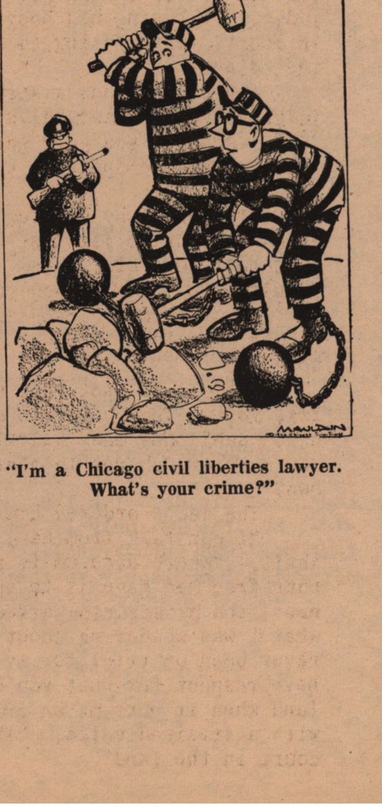
The following is a note written by Abbie, and signed by Tom, Rennie and Dave, as they waited to be shipped from the courtroom to the jail:

"All goes well!

"They can never hurt us, no matter what they do. For what they have jailed on this most infamous of Valentine's Days, is not men, but an idea.

"The dream of freedom is in prison now, but there are no prisons in the land strong enough to hold it... for its time has come. Seize the time!"

Attorneys Len Weinglass and Bill Kunstler



"I'm a Chicago civil liberties lawyer. What's your crime?"

ARRESTED

By HENRY M. SCHARG

The worlds of John Sinclair, the Chicago 7 and all other political prisoners have always been distant from my personal life experiences, with a missing link making it difficult for me to relate totally to their political repression by the power structure that runs this country.

In the last few weeks I have undergone a change in which I can relate totally to the repression that has become a plague in Woodstock Nation. I have confronted a microcosm of the power structure that has declared war on our youth culture. The EMU Administration is the power structure in my realm of existence, and has used a repressive arm to smash the youth culture that is trying to survive at this authoritarian, paternalistic, racist institution.

This university is in a state of paranoia. It is afraid that the status quo will be unchained and that the "niggers" will be amancipated and become free. When people ask for what they deserve, this university Administration becomes outraged with fear and resorts to repression to put these rebelling slaves back into their bureaucratic slots. What a few old swine fail to realize is that repressive measures can delay our freedom but cannot prevent it.

I have been the third victim of University harassment in its attempt to repress student radicalism on this campus. The trials of Frank Michels and Barry Simon are coming up in March for failure to move their asses fast enough off a University couch. The University has denied that these two were singled out and said that it was irrelevant that they both are on the Board of Directors of the *Second Coming*.

On February 19, 1970, I became the third long-haired menace of the university to be singled out and harassed for political reasons. On the morning of this day I had gone to the 14th District Courthouse on Huron Street to sit in on the trial of a few friends. Before the trial began, I was asked by a State pig to come with him. I went with him under the impression that I would be able to speak with the defendants, but when he led me into a back room, there stood two EMU campus cops. I immediately got bad vibrations, and then heard one cop tell me that I was under arrest for "creating a disturbance" and "malicious destruction of property."

The campus cops frisked me (campus radicals always carry a machine gun, a Luger pistol, and Mace), handcuffed me, and rushed me off to the campus police station. I was told by one cop that he would take off the handcuffs if I promised not to escape! I felt the fort was too heavily guarded, so I decided I wouldn't plan an escape and the cop took the handcuffs off. Then I was informed of my constitutional rights (or the ones they would give me), asked to empty my pockets, and allowed to make a few phone calls. Another form of harassment before I was taken to the courthouse for arraignment was fingerprinting. I thought I was a nigger, but now I had black finger tips to prove it.

The police had told me that bond for the two counts would probably be around $85, but at the arraignment Judge Henry Arkison set bond at $200, or $100 on each count. I pleaded with the judge that bond was excessive, but the law only listens to the affluent. I felt that bond was intentionally set at a sum which I could not raise immediately so that I could be further harassed in the county jail.

I only made it to the Ypsilanti jail, though, where I waited an hour while my boss raised my bond. As he came to get me out of the city jail he told the police lieutenant the charge and the bond, to which the cop responded "someone over there [at the University] doesn't like you!"

"Someone" doesn't like me or anyone else who represents a threat to the University by just being there.

Eight days earlier, on Wednesday, February 11, I was in People's Lounge. I was asked to partake in a diversionary activity so that furniture could be brought into the Lounge. What we did was to move toward the other end of McKenny Union and start chanting "Stop the War" to the beat of a waste paper basked. After Ken Moon asked us to stop acting like kids, we discontinued our activities as the furniture was already in the Lounge. It wasn't until eight days later that I learned from the "men in brown" that I had created a disturbance and had done "malicious destruction" to a waste basket!

This situation of university harassment is not only uncalled for, but is inconsistent with University policy. The University usually directs such cases through Student Court, but has broken this policy in the cases of Michels, Simon, and myself. This is overt prejudice and discrimination, and demonstrates the University's repressive nature.

Students are being singled out, harassed, being prosecuted on trumped-up charges so that an archaic University power structure will not tilt. But repression, suppression and harassment won't continue to support a decadent University administration. We have been brought up from our breast-feeding with a taste for freedom and now we are hungry for it.

We must all stand together or together we will fall.

Remember the story "Locking Out the Administration" in the last issue, by the Second Coming Special Services Bureau? For those who missed it, it told how to fix most dorm locks so that the University's master keys wouldn't work but the room key would.

Obviously this was a major threat to the University's espionage apparatus. But we weren't expecting that EMU would react in the way it did.

The locks were installed by a lock company in Birmingham. This company was scheduled to make an inspection visit to be sure everything was working properly.

Our issue hit the stands late Thursday. On Sunday morning, February 15, several Hoyt residents were unpleasantly surprised when at about 8:30 their doors were unlocked by master keys and a couple of men came in.

"We're only doing some preventive maintenance," they smiled. "Some people have been locked out of their rooms." So they proceeded to unscrew the locks, strip the threads on the little Phillips screws, and fasten the lock "tail" to the cylinder with epoxy glue!

This somewhat hampered the efforts of some of the Towers residents to modify their locks. But the lock men's gluing was very spotty. They hit several doors, apparently at random, in Hoyt, and a few in Pittman.

Can you imagine the hundreds of dollars in overtime pay the University had to cough up to get workers to come in *early Sunday morning?!*

They really must have been freaked.

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THE CASE OF THE SUSPECTED PENIS

or:

how we fooled them into thinking that "thing" was really an arm

By FRANK MICHELS

Eastern's administration has a strange way of relating to the youth culture--if one could even call it relating. Court actions had already made O. W. Harold's attorney promise in Federal court that the University would give the *Second Coming* at least equal rights and privileges as other newspapers had, which means that the University allows the paper to be sold at the newsstand in McKenny Union, without censorship.

On Friday February 13 Mr. Gilbert Cobb, manager of the Union, working closely with Lewis E. Profit, Vice-President for Rip-Off Affairs, removed the newly-delivered issue of the *Second Coming* from the newsstand.

Once again the paper had proven too much for the Administration to tolerate. When I approached Mr. Cobb and asked him why the paper was taken off the stand he responded, "I questioned the context of some of the paper and I didn't want to get myself in a jam for selling that sort of thing."

Then I asked "What was it about the content that disturbed you? Anything specific, or just generally the paper?" Cobb answered, "No, nothing generally about the paper. I haven't read it [!], I just looked at the front cover. There's something that might just be construed as being not very wholesome on there." Isn't that far out--the *Second Coming* is unwholesome!

After banning the paper, Cobb called the Campus Kops, who, acting as a "transport vehicle," took a copy to the prosecutor's office for an evaluation as to whether or not the content was obscene. When I contacted a person in the prosecutor's office, he said "the primary concern was the front page." Describing the front page he stated, "I see what resembles a lid on a toilet seat and something that could be construed as a judge; and I can't figure out what he's got plugged into his vein. It looks like it could be a PENIS." He further stated that "the decision to remove a paper is clearly up to the University, their own administration. No decision has been made at this time as to legal action by the prosecutor's office." I explained to him what the cover was all about: Nixon calls someone lying under the judge's bench, whose arm--not penis--reaches into the judge, who is really a puppet. Profound, huh? On hearing this, the prosecutor's assistant said that probably no legal action would be taken, and none was.

On Saturday the *Second Coming* was back on the stand, after our lawyers called their lawyers. Another victory for the CREEPING MEATBALL, as evil wins out. We may be unwholesome--that's putting it lightly--but we are still legal. All power to the penis; all penis power to Mr. Cobb.

(More next issue on Cobb and his plan to rid People's Lounge of longhairs and stoned out freaks who sit on the floor in direct violation of all social norms and ethics--at least Mr. Cobb's. Besides, all those weirdos hanging around give EMU a "bad image.")

WINTERS·END

CANNED HEAT • JOE COCKER
COUNTRY JOE & THE FISH
GRAND FUNK RAILROAD
GRATEFUL DEAD • B.B. KING
RICHIE HAVENS
THE HOG FARM • SWEETWATER
IRON BUTTERFLY • MOUNTAIN
KINKS • LITTLE RICHARD
JOHN MAYALL • STEVE MILLER
JOHNNY WINTER
SLY & THE FAMILY STONE
TEN YEARS AFTER
IKE & TINA TURNER

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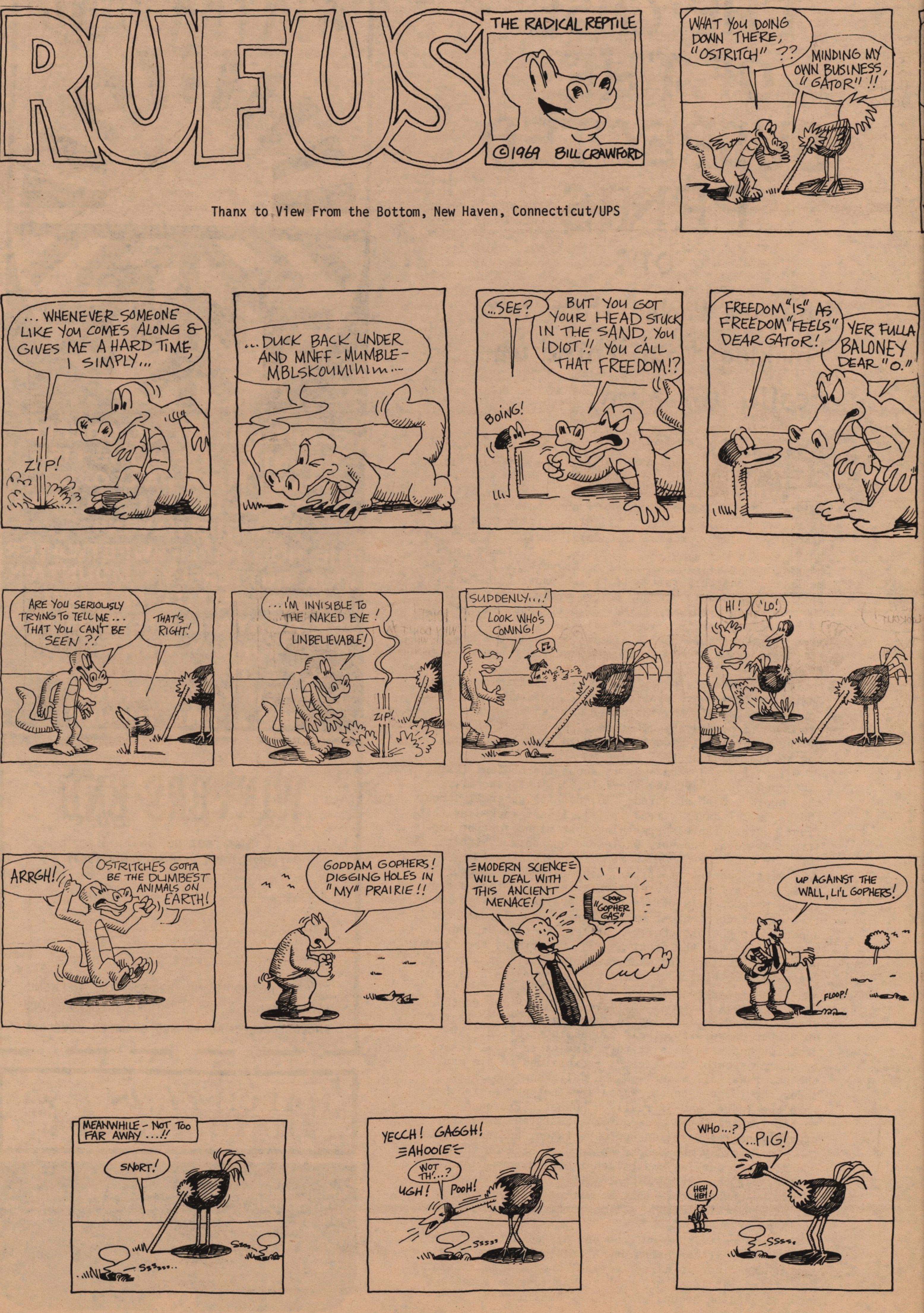
TICKET RESERVATIONS $20.00 FOR WEEKEND
PLEASE SEND________TICKET RESERVATIONS
*ENCLOSE A SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPE

MARCH 27, 28, & 29
MIAMI, FLORIDA

ALL THE TRIBES OF WOODSTOCK NATION WILL GATHER TOGETHER MARCH 27th, 28th AND 29th, IN MIAMI, FLORIDA TO CELEBRATE WINTERS • END AND PERFORM THE RITES OF SPRING . . . 600 ACRES OF QUIET COUNTRYSIDE WILL BE THE HOST. WINTERS • END IS THE HOG FARM AND COMMUNAL KITCHENS, INDIAN TRIBAL GATHERING, TRADING POSTS AND VILLAGES . . . $20 FOR THE ENTIRE WEEKEND


RUFUS
THE RADICAL REPTILE
©1969 BILL CRAWFORD
WHAT YOU DOING DOWN THERE, "OSTRITCH" ??
MINDING MY OWN BUSINESS, "GATOR" !!
... WHENEVER SOMEONE LIKE YOU COMES ALONG & GIVES ME A HARD TIME, I SIMPLY...
ZIP!
...DUCK BACK UNDER AND MNFF-MUMBLE-MBLSKOUMIHIM...
...SEE?
BUT YOU GOT YOUR HEAD STUCK IN THE SAND, YOU IDIOT!! YOU CALL THAT FREEDOM!?
BOING!
FREEDOM "IS" AS FREEDOM "FEELS" DEAR GATOR!
YER FULLA BALONEY DEAR "O."
ARE YOU SERIOUSLY TRYING TO TELL ME... THAT YOU CAN'T BE SEEN ?!
THAT'S RIGHT!
...I'M INVISIBLE TO THE NAKED EYE!
UNBELIEVABLE!
ZIP!
SUDDENLY...!
LOOK WHO'S COMING!
HI!
'LO!
ARRGH!
OSTRITCHES GOTTA BE THE DUMBEST ANIMALS ON EARTH!
GODDAM GOPHERS! DIGGING HOLES IN "MY" PRAIRIE!!
MODERN SCIENCE WILL DEAL WITH THIS ANCIENT MENACE!
DOW "GOPHER GAS"
UP AGAINST THE WALL, LI'L GOPHERS!
FLOOP!
MEANWHILE - NOT TOO FAR AWAY...!!
SNORT!
Sssss...
YECCH! GAGGH!
AHOOIE
WOT TH'...?
UGH!
POOH!
Sssss
WHO...?
...PIG!
HEH HEH!
Sssss

Thanx to View From the Bottom, New Haven, Connecticut/UPS

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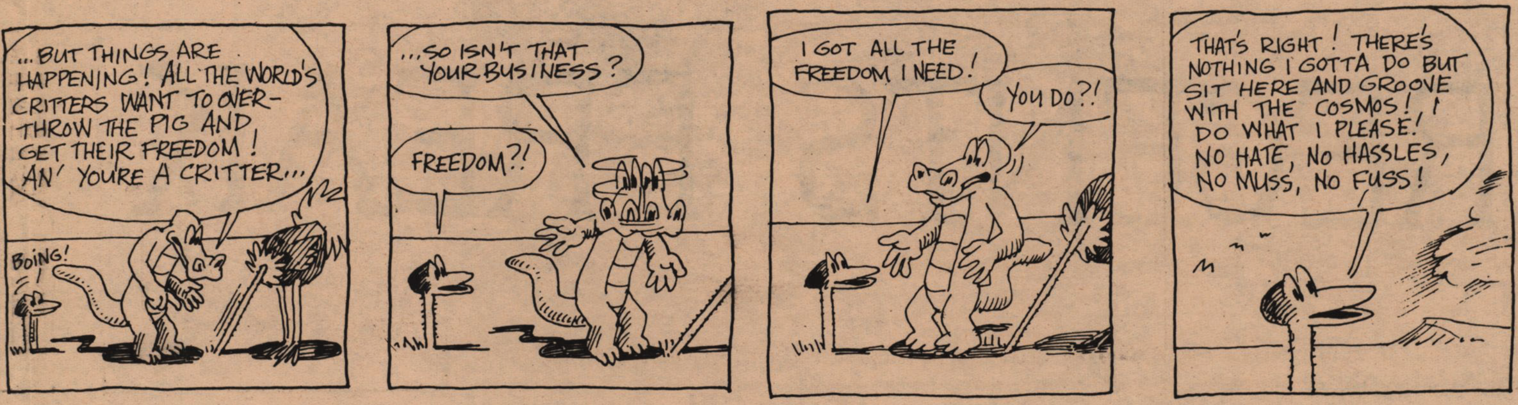
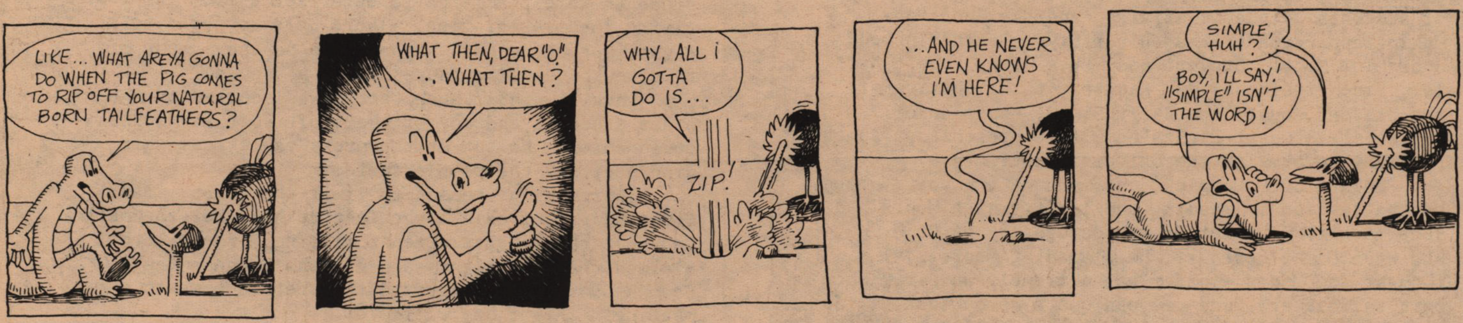
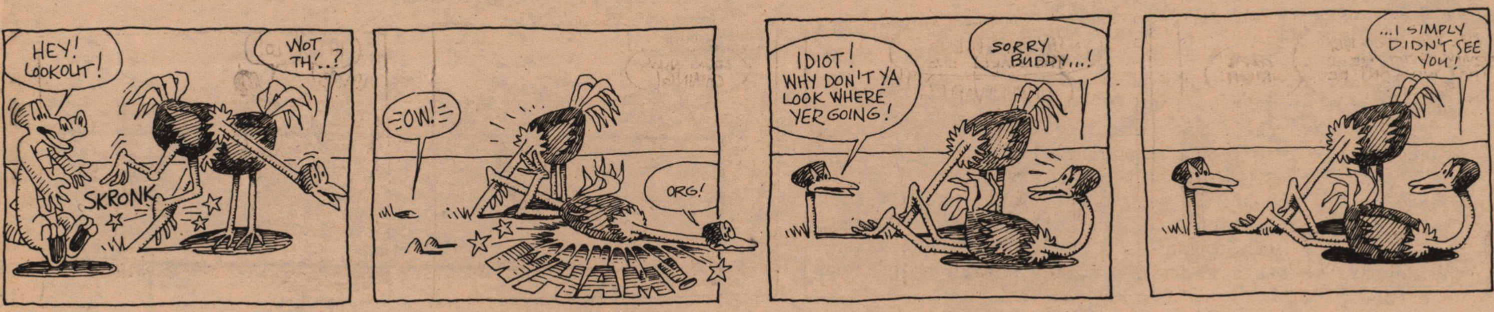
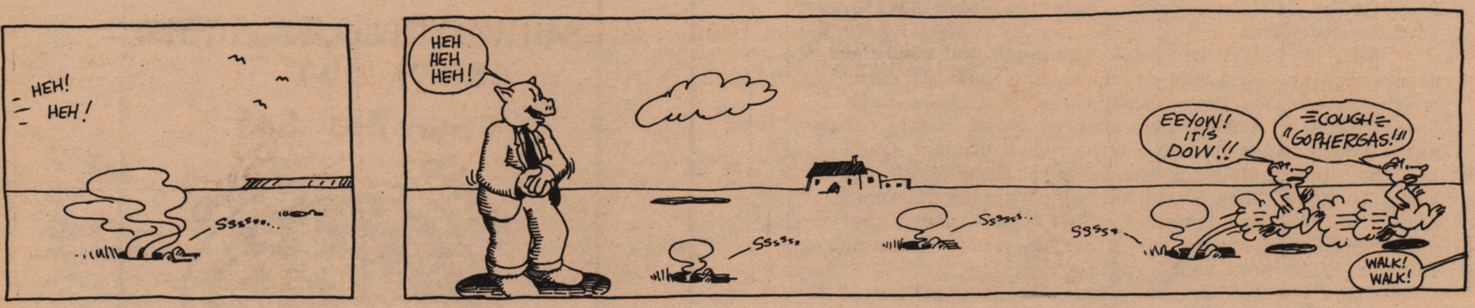
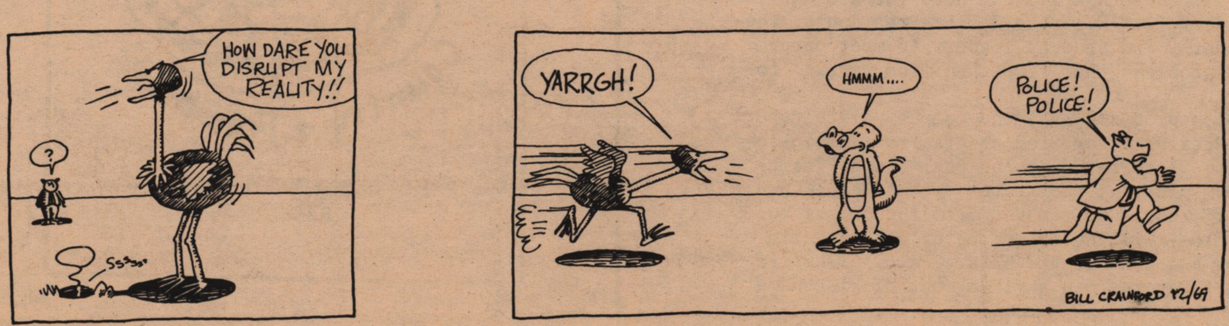

...BUT THINGS ARE HAPPENING! ALL THE WORLD'S CRITTERS WANT TO OVERTHROW THE PIG AND GET THEIR FREEDOM! AN' YOU'RE A CRITTER...
BOING!
...SO ISN'T THAT YOUR BUSINESS?
FREEDOM?!
I GOT ALL THE FREEDOM I NEED!
YOU DO?!
THAT'S RIGHT! THERE'S NOTHING I GOTTA DO BUT SIT HERE AND GROOVE WITH THE COSMOS! I DO WHAT I PLEASE! NO HATE, NO HASSLES, NO MUSS, NO FUSS!


LIKE... WHAT AREYA GONNA DO WHEN THE PIG COMES TO RIP OFF YOUR NATURAL BORN TAILFEATHERS?
WHAT THEN, DEAR "O." ... WHAT THEN?
WHY, ALL I GOTTA DO IS...
ZIP!
...AND HE NEVER EVEN KNOWS I'M HERE!
SIMPLE, HUH?
BOY, I'LL SAY! "SIMPLE" ISN'T THE WORD!


HEY! LOOKOUT!
WOT TH'..?
SKRONK
OW!
ORG!
WHAM!
IDIOT! WHY DON'T YA LOOK WHERE YER GOING!
SORRY BUDDY...!
...I SIMPLY DIDN'T SEE YOU!


HEH! HEH!
Sssss...
HEH HEH HEH!
Sssss
Sssss..
Sssss
EEYOW! IT'S DOW!!
COUGH "GOPHERGAS!!"
WALK! WALK!


HOW DARE YOU DISRUPT MY REALITY!!
?
Sssss
YARRGH!
HMMM....
POLICE! POLICE!
BILL CRAWFORD 12/69

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REGENTS FREAK

By IGOR ROGMANOFF

Under heavy police guard, the EMU Board of Regents listened on February 18 to a presentation by Student Government of proposals concerning the rights of students, academic affairs, and the decision-making apparatus of the University. Behind locked doors Tom Moors, Student Body President; Robert Sattler, Vice-President; Jan Kaulins, Chief Justice of the Student Court; and Barry Simon, Chairman of the Senate Student Rights Committee presented arguments for many reforms in the University structure.

Edward J. McCormick, chairman of the board, opened the session by reading the letter which Moors had sent to him. The letter was derogatory of O. W. H., and when O. W. heard it, he glared at Moors. "I thought Tom Moors' letter was extremely unfair," Sponberg said later, "and you can quote me on that." (So I will.) He denied he had ever seen the letter before, which contradicts what his assistant, Art Ellis, told student leaders later.

Moors' basic complaint was that Sponberg was completely unresponsive to student wishes, and that therefore the Regents had to be approached.

Sattler, Kaulins, Simon and Moors each gave opening statements concerned with the lack of student rights and the fact that students have no power to operate their own government as they see fit.

Simon gave the first demand, calling for a clearly stated policy on off-campus poblications, particularly the *Second Coming*. He told the history of the *Second Coming* crisis and how it wasn't until the second issue that the administration took any action. Simon charged the University with acting as a censor. He then asked the Regents to state their own policy, which they have never done.

Sattler told about the need for academic reforms, and called for a body of students, faculty, and administration to consider such things as liberalization of distribution requirements and abolition of freshman grades. He also asked for independent financing of the Division of Student Affairs and a full-time advisor for Student Government.

Kaulins talked of judicial reform and condemned the discriminatory policies of the campus police, dwelling on the arrests of Henry Scharg, Frank Michels, and Barry Simon on misdemeanor charges which in all other cases would have gone no further than Student Court. Kaulins also called for the re-establishment of People's Lounge. Then Simon talked of putting McKenny Hall, the supposed "student union," back under the actual control of students. Right now it is under the thumb of Vice-President Profit.

Moors pointed out the possible illegalities in the residence hall contract and also condemned the administration for not contacting Student Government about decision-making, particularly in the hiring of the off-campus housing director and the manager of McKenny Union. He said there was a great need for a council of the President (O.W.H.), the 3 Vice-Presidents, the Dean of Students, and student leaders to meet often and clear up problems that keep them from working together.

Simon also proposed that the campus police report to the Vice-President for Student Affairs (Zumwinkle) instead of the Vice-President for Business & Finance (Profit). He said that the status of Washtenaw County Deputy Sheriff should be removed from the campus police so that they will no longer be able to discriminate as they had done in the Scharg case. (Sheriff Harvey doesn't pay the men anything out of his budget anyway.)

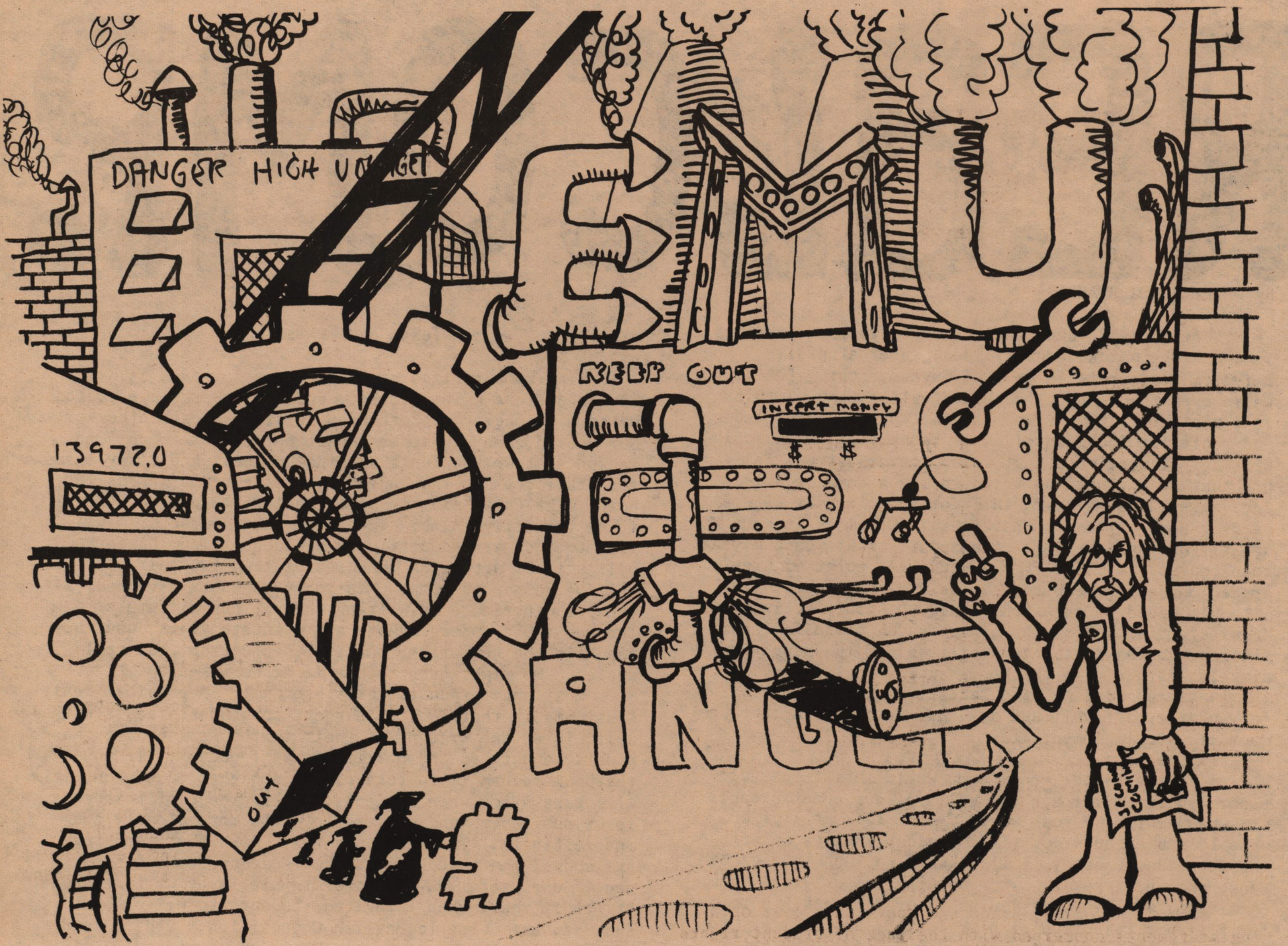
The Regents politely listened to the students, but we can't help but wonder if they didn't show a lack of faith in them. Their meeting was supposed to be open; however, under tight security, only seven students were permitted to enter aside from the four giving the presentation. There were supposed to be eight, but the eighth happened to be the editor of this newspaper. So they stopped at seven.

Luckily, this cheap tactic was spotted by the other students and one of them left so that Michels could enter. He sat at the press table, somewhat disconcerting the people there.

There was no reason to limit the group. Barry Simon had reserved a large lecture hall for the meeting, but the Regents weren't willing. Aceto later claimed that the tight security was because the *Second Coming* had suggested that people come to the meeting! (Right on, Uncle Tom.)

The only hopeful thing that happened was that Regent Stripp, the arch-conservative, took one student aside and said "Let's see this People's Lounge!" He was shown the spot, returned to the meeting, and chewed out Profit privately because of the mess that had been caused over it.

VILLAGE INN
PIZZA PARLOR
3411 Washtenaw, Phone 971-5900
CARRY OUT
Thur. Fri. Sat.
Banjo Piano
Country + Folk Music
Sunday



SUPREME COURT REVOLUTIONARY

WASHINGTON, DC (LNS)--If Americans ever believed there was an Olympus within their borders, the location had to be the chambers of the United States Supreme Court. "I'll take it all the way to the Supreme Court" has long been the sputtered refrain of the miffed and abused. Changes in personnel at the Supreme Court amount to a changing of the gods for Middle America.

The Court is like a slowly turning 12-compartment revolving door. One man gets old and leaves. A younger old man takes his place. The new man stays for a long time.

G. Harold Carswell, 50 years old, will probably be around for a long time. The whole country knows about his 1948 pledge never to abandon the cause of white supremacy. Fewer people know the details of his part in the incorporation of a segregated private golf club, his record of rulings against black civil rights activists. Fewer still know what he did to women by ruling that an employer could summarily deny a job to women with pre-school children. But as Carswell's ascent begins to look like a fait accompli, a 71-year-old man, appointed to the Court over 30 years ago by Franklin D. Roosevelt, is beginning to sound really interesting.

In a book scheduled for publication February 19, Justice William O. Douglas says he's about ready to opt for revolution. In *Points of Rebellion*, the new book, Douglas attacks the Pentagon, the FBI, the CIA, former Presidents Truman and Johnson, government and corporate bureaucracy, and the racism of police, entrepreneurs, and educators.

"Where grievances pile up high," he writes, "and most of the elected spokesmen represent the Establishment, violence may be the only effective response."

"George III was the symbol against which our Founders made a revolution now considered bright and glorious....We must realize that today's Establishment is the new George III. Whether it will continue to adhere to his tactics, we do not know. If it does, the redress, honored in tradition, is also revolution."

Inveighing against elaborate anti-communist security procedures regulating employment, and promising that dissent against American militarism will not be stilled, he charges that "The Pentagon has a fantastic budget that enables it to dream of putting down the much-needed revolution which will arise in Peru, in the Phillipines, and in other benighted countries."

"At the international level," writes Douglas, "we have become virtually paranoid. Indeed a black silence of fear possesses the nation....Truman nurtured that fear, Johnson promoted it, preaching the doctrine that the people of the world want what we have and, unless suppressed, will take it from us."

And domestically, he is horrified by "the upside down welfare state" where "railroads, airlines, shipping--these are all subsidized; and those companies' doors are not kicked down by the police at night." Meanwhile, he sees no way of robbing from the state the ability "to conduct midnight raids without the search warrants needed before even a poor man's home may be entered by the police."

He hears the "powers-that-be faintly echo Adolf Hitler," who said (1932): "The streets of our country are in turmoil. The universities are filled with students rebelling and rioting...We need law and order." And Justice Douglas can't help but grant that the political opponents of the state have the right to defend themselves and to resist any attempts to crush them:

"American protestors need not be submissive. A speaker who resists arrest is acting as a free man. The police do not have carte blanche to interfere with his freedom."

Douglas is a real fluke, a liberal revolutionary in 1970 America. His book says nothing about how he intends to deal with the reality of Carswell. But Douglas is 71. And Carswell is only 50.

REALCOMP.

By PROF. ROGER STAPLES

"Writing your own papers along with your students is a cheap gimmick, a nutty idea, sheer stupidity," a fellow teacher tells me. He may be right. But if we're ever to do anything about English Comp, I think it's a start. The way to make the course useful and endurable for those involved is to make it teach real writing. I mentioned last issue the disastrous failure that we got when we tried to teach comp in a lecture session. I worried this for about a year afterwards. Real writing. What is it? How does it come about? How do I help it come about? What would a real comp course *feel like* from a student's point of view? Brace yourself: here comes some PhD-type English:

"It would be an extra-mural, voluntary activity, an existential outpouring of motivated prose fact and fiction, geared to the sensibilities of the neophyte himself, rather than to the monastic proclivities of the initiated academy, the sadistic pedagogy implicit in mandatory syllabi, and a *Machtlust* obsessing the pre-doctored who implement it."

Excuse me.

I'll translate: real comp would insist that all papers go first through the walls of our uncomfortable classroom into the real world. I'll look at a paper once it's been outside. If a student insists on writing an academic essay, I'll ask him to turn in a carbon copy, when he's ready, *after* sending the original to a committee, magazine, or journal. Or I'll ask him to turn it in with a rejection slip or letter, and I'll try to explain why they rejected it. I have some experience with rejection slips.

For compulsive types who *must* enforce rules, the basic rule would be that the instructor sees the paper *only after the real world has accepted or rejected it.* If it's a communication to an elected or appointed official, I want to see it with his reply clipped to it. My function is getting the new writer to see that he's free to do things with a pen that he can't do with a picket sign or a mob. There would be no deadlines or assignments, but I would encourage the writer to beat his brains against those of his elected representatives from senators to drain commissioners, to discover how to make useful dents in a corrupt society, to take a hand in trying to protect our crumbling environment.

The letter to the editor, for example, can be real comp with the real world. It can be as long as the average dictated mandatory paper we now enforce in Comp. Magazines, journals, and newspapers all print feedback from readers, and the open letter is an excellent place for the new writer to address large numbers of people. The length of the form is variable, depending on the publication, and some censorship occurs when editors select certain letters and reject others, but this is better than the fakiness of the censorship imposed on him by the teacher's personality. A letter to an editor, even of a student newspaper, can be a deadly weapon, as two of my students found out several years ago when they set out to reform the Psychology Department.

So can the communication to an elected representative. We know that only one in every 200 Americans ever writes an elected representative in his entire life. When you write a senator, you speak for 199 others each time you write. Five paragraphs of reasoned prose are worth 200 picketers, if the stuff is detailed, specific and convincing. Most Americans are scared shitless to write an elected representative. Pointer-wielding English teachers have taught them to be afraid of such things as spelling, grammar, diction, usage, and punctuation. Actually, spelling etc. improve when you're writing for real--you are involved in impressing the congressman, not escaping the pointer.

Reviews sent to magazines, journals, and newspapers get into print fairly easily, and they offer the new writer a realistic outlet for imprinting his opinions about art, literature, plays, architecture, films, TV, radio, magazines, and other media. Reviewing is rough, but it's realer than "book reports" ever were. Judging a piece of art is a hazardous game. You can learn a lot about how to say things carefully.

Tests and Texts

With computerized grading, the essay exam is dying in large state universities. For various strange reasons, we comp teachers are forbidden to discuss each other or our "colleagues" in other departments. But there's no reason that we shouldn't examine and evaluate essay exams for other courses than our own when students ask us for help. The essay exam is still real writing--you pass or flunk the silly thing. In a real comp course, I'm willing to look at and criticize a bluebook from history, poli sci, or art--it's much realer than two-thirds of what we do now in comp. Most comp teachers have had extensive experience in writing for various dictators through their undergraduate and graduate years, and they can help the new writer survive in a corrupt but real system. He might even reform it if he wakes up.

Most undergraduate texts are dull. A possible real "assignment" that I often suggest to students deals with criticizing the writing of their textbooks, sending these papers to authors and publishers as feedback. If any textbook reform is to take place in higher education, it will take place when students, the audience of textbooks, force publishers and writers to write more clearly and interestingly. The mandatory text, like that mandatory syllabus I mentioned last week, is a dangerous instrument. One useful way of reforming it is by writing about it. Last year, when I invited students to write about the "Student Guide to English Composition," elders told me it was unethical for me to "hold up to ridicule" the writing of my colleagues. I'd invited students to rewrite the "Guide" making it more appropriate for those on whom it was being used, *them.* Looking back, I see I was wrong. I should've insisted that they send their evaluations and rewritten versions to the Central Committee of the English Department. Real writing, as I've been saying, goes outside the classroom first.

What would a real text for comp be? It would not be a bound volume, sterilized, mal-edited, with advertisements removed, spellings changed, and charts, graphs, and footnotes cut or rearranged. It wouldn't have a series of guide questions insulting teacher and student. A real comp text is an armload of magazines, newspapers, and books. The real thing. In some ways, Campus Drugstore's book and magazine rack is a realer library than the brick one with the turnstile. Recently, I brought an armload of magazines and newspapers into my comp class: they ranged from *Nation* to *The National Review*, from *Theology* to *The American Atheist*, from *Peking Review* to *Walkabout*, from *JAMA* to *JES*, from *Time* to *Commonweal*, from *True* to *Redbook*, from *PMLA* to *Word Study*, from *Alaska Sportsman* to *Gloucestershire Countryside*, *Natural History* to *Consumer Reports*, *Monitor* to the *Wall Street Journal*, *Atlas* to the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, *SIECUS Bulletin* to *CODE Newsletter*, *Psychology Today* to *The Subterranean Sociology Newsletter*, *The Realist* to the *Second Coming*, *The New York Times* to the *Detroit News*. It was a heavy bundle, but it was realer than any anthology I've ever seen. It provided the original environment, complete with the brown wrappers on *Living Wilderness* and the "Adults Only" warning on *Evergreen Review*. Much of the writing was bad, of course, but it was real. A large part of my job is to teach readers to defend themselves against these magazines and printed materials in general, just as I hope my counterparts over in speech are teaching students how to cope with TV without becoming enslaved to it. Each medium is a new environment, McLuhan has shown us--it must be dealt with in its own context, not in a hack-edited book thrown together by some ex-comp teacher for profit to pay off his mortgage.

Defend Yourself

Real writing grows from real **reading**. Anyone who reads a paragraph uncritically is begging the author to "rape me." If you are reading this without a pencil in your hand, I'm screwing your brain, dear reader. Defend yourself against me with your peniscil next to what I'm telling you, or I'll have your cerebellum, madam. (If you lack the courage to look up "cerebellum," you're a functional masochist, like two-thirds of the students I've crossed pens with at EMU.) Real writing reacts to real reading. It's religious in that it requires egotistic belief in oneself, sexual in that when you groove a sheet of paper, you're planting it with mental semen, and political in that you do it to influence people. It's a weapon. We are all killers or victims, rapists or rapees, gods or laymen. Good texts should have wide margins and lots of blank pages.

Anybody requiring anybody else to write on 8 1/2 x 11 white, unpunched, unlined 16-lb. typing paper better have good reasons for playing dictator about manuscripts. MS form should grow naturally out of requirements of editors and audiences, not teachers. *Echo* editor Rob Musial enforces a 65-point line and double-spaced copy because his printer insists on it, rather than because a 65-point line is closer to God or some obscure goal of scholarly rectitude. MS form can be written sometimes, as Ferlinghetti's recent book shows. I once sent a clothespin to a senator, urging him to prevent an air-polluting pulp mill from being built in Escanaba. If writing him on Northern Tissue would have been rhetorically effective, I'd've done it. Our oldest American epic, *Walum Olum,* was written on birchbark. It messaged.

In a real composition course, there are no prejudices against fiction: short stories, poetry, novels, plays, TV scripts, and letters are all acceptable, since they are real writing if they first go outside the classroom. Writers should be encouraged to experiment with various forms, rather than ordered to write expositors factual prose when they aren't ready to write it. For me, comp is a sales job, an advertisement, a seduction: I want to get people interested in writing, so that they don't stop writing when the course ends, so that they go on voluntarily when all the silly "credit hours" and "grades" are gathered. I'm not being progressive here--merely realistic. Good writing comes from practice and you don't practice what you hate. "We weren't allowed to write short stories or poems last semester," a timid student confided to me last spring. I didn't ask who his instructor had been in the fall. What's the use?

Can You Teach It?

"You can't teach writing," claimed a former writing teacher of mine. I disagree. He himself taught us by not insisting that papers be in at a certain time, and by not grading them at all. I wrote twelve papers on topics that involved me, that were me. He didn't insist that they go outside our classroom--I now wish he had, for I might have learned much earlier. Real comp treats the student as a social equal, rather than a child. (Why not? He probably makes more money than his teacher does!) A real comp teacher helps rather than hinders your interest in writing. Writing is intimate stuff, intensely personal, sexual, religious, political. It is a secretion. It is black marks on white paper, representing air forced through a throat, muscled in response to neurological impulses. This is why critical comments by teachers turn us off, repress us, shut us up. When you get your first rejection slip clipped to a MS you gave birth to, you need a real comp instructor, perhaps even a doctored one. And you need him on your side, not on *theirs*. Such a person should be human, not godlike. He should be willing to post *his own* undergraduate and graduate transcripts on his office door, next to *his own* rejection slips.

I don't claim to be such a teacher. To do these things is to be an outlaw, to break the rules set up the the "Student *Guide* to English Composition," to be subversive. Such a teacher can be blackmailed, as I mentioned. He operates illegally among us fake teachers who submit to a syllabus designed to shut writers up rather than free them. This is why I encourage students to establish contact with a real writer, one who lives only by his pen. Write to him, telephone him, attack him, flatter him, review him, but get in *touch* with somebody who really does write, rather than us comp teachers. I suggest this because, as I've said, most university writing teachers like me don't write much for real--we're too busy doing all that funny scholarly stuff. We're mostly fake writers or former writers who teach.

About those compositional techniques I was talking about (comparison and contrast, process, classification and division, narration, and definition): they can grow out of real writing naturally, rather than being artificially grafted upon the subject because "this week we're all going to write a process paper." For example, I didn't know that this essay was going to be a definition paper when I began. It turns out to be "A Definition of Real Composition." The technique grew naturally from what I had to say. Real comp, as I conceive of it, doesn't exist at EMU, except illegally and perhaps in the voluntary program of tutoring. Even *that* program narrowly escaped procedures which would have "locked students into it," to quote one supervisor.

Repression

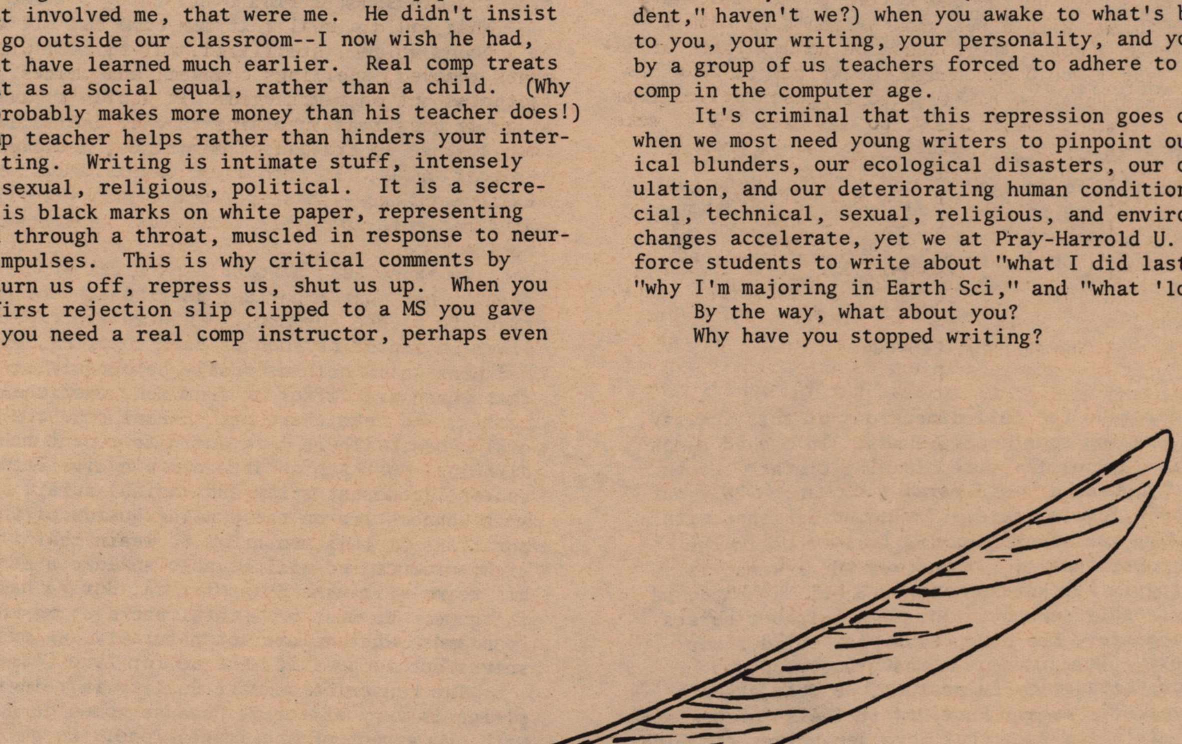
The other day, somebody told me that attendance was down in many comp sections--below 50%, shuddered one administrator. Morale. I think I understand this. It's the canned syllabus I attacked unsuccessfully last year. It doesn't work.

The mandatory syllabus, "A Student Guide to English Composition," will collapse when enough students care about real writing and exert pressure upon their teachers to abandon it and start leveling with them, treating them as social equals, listening to them, and helping them improve writing, rather than cutting them down. Letters to regents would help, but modern English Departments are sovereign states. Little reform in comp will come from faculty until studentry demand it. Pressures from you the *clients* (we've dirtied the word "student," haven't we?) when you awake to what's being done to you, your writing, your personality, and your future by a group of us teachers forced to adhere to 1930's comp in the computer age.

It's criminal that this repression goes on just when we most need young writers to pinpoint our political blunders, our ecological disasters, our overpopulation, and our deteriorating human condition. Social, technical, sexual, religious, and environmental changes accelerate, yet we at Pray-Harrold U. still force students to write about "what I did last summer," "why I'm majoring in Earth Sci," and "what 'love' is."

By the way, what about you?

Why have you stopped writing?



WOMEN ON TELEVISION

By DONNA KECK

From WOMEN: A JOURNAL OF LIBERATION

Television is a vast wasteland of quiz shows, soap operas, situation comedies, variety shows and old movies, supported by big business in the form of advertising. Almost everyone, finding himself alone at one time or another with the TV, has experienced the inane programming and the rude commercials. The networks and sponsors have chosen the blandest common denominator of us all to grind through the cultural pageants. Thus Gomer Pyle joins the Marine Corps; the Beverly Hillbillies come to Hollywood; Maxwell Smart chases the enemy; Marshall Dillon cleans up Dodge City.

Network executives excuse themselves on the grounds that they give the public what it wants. In reality, their main concern is not the public, but the sponsor who pays for the show and wants to sell his products. Big business is, in fact, increasingly dependent for its profits on the medium of television which proves a mass audience of potential consumers. It is important to realize the interdependency of the corporation and the network. Since one cannot exist without the other, the product and the program go hand in hand.

Television programs depict us as basically white, Anglo-Saxon protestants in search of the middle-class dream precisely because it is in the interest of network and sponsor that we aspire to a family life in the suburbs with all the necessary accoutrements to be bought along the way. Although the process of bouregoisitization has not been fully realized, it is important to understand its effect on people's consciousness. As Todd Gitlin pointed out in a recent issue of *Leviathan*, "TV programs narrow and flatten consciousness--to tailor everyman's worldview to the consumer mentality, to placate political discontent,...to level class consciousness."

A dual image of women is projected by television ads. The "housewife-drudge" is urged to buy detergent, floor wax, furniture polish, food products and other items to make household tasks easier. The "sexmate," on the other hand, needs feminine deodorant soap and spray, hair coloring, cosmetics, padded bras, and girdles.

The Housewife-Drudge

To understand the full dimensions of this duality, we need to examine some specific ads. In one ad a man asks: "What is your favorite cleaning cloth?" Woman answers: "My husband's old pajamas." Man: "Why not use Viva Paper Towels instead?" The ad finishes with scenes showing the woman cleaning every room in the house with paper towels. In another ad, a woman is seen standing in her kitchen, mop and pail in hand, admiring her freshly scrubbed floor. A neighbor bursts in: "Bambi Baxter, how'd you turn your solid floor into stripes?" Conclusion: "Heavy Duty Top Job cleans shades cleaner!" In another, we hear a soothing man's voice: "We all know how it feels to cook something new. It's scary....Chef Boyardee brings you Rice Dinners." Again a man's voice assures us: "A mother knows: Love, Care, and Orange-Flavored Bayer Aspirin for Children work wonders." Finally, we see a bedraggled housewife sorting laundry into two piles--one for a cold water wash in a special cold water soap; the other for a hot water wash. She is confused about which pieces go in which pile. Then a man comes to her rescue with Cheer: the detergent for *all* your laundry. No more sorting; no more special detergents." The housewife smiles, relieved: "Oh, thank you, sir! Now I don't have to think anymore!"

These ads tell us, first of all, that women do housework: we scrub floors, do general cleaning, wash clothes, cook and care for children. These ads tell us, too, that women are willing to believe in fantasies (or downright lies): that you can clean a house with paper towels, that you can change the color of a floor with the right detergent. These ads tell us that women are dumb: subtly as in the ad for Chef Boyardee; explicitly in the ad for Cheer. It is not enough to require women to do the drudge work; we are depicted as too stupid to figure out how to do it ourselves. The ads are presented by men: men describe the products and give directions for their use.

The Sexmate

Housework, however, is only part of the story. In his search for new markets, the capitalist conceives of women as sex objects as a lucrative new field. He designs new products, projects the image to the viewers and increases his profits. We hear for example: "What I like about Nice 'n' Easy--it lets me be me." And we see a sexy girl with long, flowing hair. In another ad we see a husband watching a football game on TV. His wife flirts with him, but is unable to get his attention. Someone is singing: "How long since someone called you Baby?" The wife takes a shower with Skin Mist soap and goes back to her busband who grabs her into his lap. It is half-time of the game.

A man tells us in another ad: "A woman is a harder thing to be than a man. She has more feelings ....New anti-perspirant Secret for a woman's extra feelings." In another: "Introducing Fem Iron--the very, very feminine iron tablet." We see scenes of sexy women cavorting with men. In another ad a young boy relates his concern for skin. His father is a dermatologist; his mother an exotic dancer. His girl has everything--looks, personality, money--but her skin does not come up to his standards. She needs Love Cosmetics.

In these ads, a woman's physical appearance is seen as her most important attribute. She must be beautiful to please her man. Again we are expected to believe in fantasies such as hair coloring, perfume and padded bras which help us really be ourselves! We are told that women are different from men, emotionally and physically, and that there are special products for our special needs. (There is a definite recent trend in this direction. We have to date our own cigarette, soda, iron tablet, deodorant spray and vaginal spray. Who knows what wonders lie on the drawing boards of the major corporations at this moment?) We learn that if we buy the right product, we will be able to lure a man, but on his terms--viz. the Skin Mist ad, during half-time of the game. We must be a total package; we must meet his standards; what we are not naturally, we must make ourselves out to be--viz. the ad for Love Cosmetics.

The housewife-sexmate duality in television advertising is very effective because women do not identify with one aspect of the image alone. We go after the whole thing: we clean house, cook, care for children, trying all the while to maintain our girlish figures, our youthful complexion and enthusiasm. To help us believe, Sani-flush presents an attractive, well-dressed woman cleaning the toilet; Lemon Pledge shows us a beautiful woman singing and dancing around the room as she polishes her furniture; Palmolive Dishwashing Liquid suggests that dishwashing liquid can improve our hands. Many of us break our backs trying to realize the dream, the synthesis of housewife-sexmate. Many of us fall down along the way, victims of nervous breakdowns, schizophrenia, and sheer exhaustion. But few realize the oppression of the system which propels them relentlessly towards rotten goals.

A number of ads, such as the Love Cosmetics one described above, are aimed at young girls. They are clearly being programmed to be like their mothers: to cook, to groom themselves, to please a man. Teenage boys, on the other hand, are urged to further their education or train for a job. In a public service announcement, a group of dropouts--all boys--are advised to contact the Youth Counselor at the State Employment Agency. In an advertisement concerning technical careers, we see a large group of people. One is studying for a career in engineering, another in medicine, another in aviation, another in data processing, another in the space program. All are men. For further information, contact Careers, Washington, DC, unless you're female, in which case you'd better stay at home.

Women are seen a lot on television: as contestants on game shows (usually housewives, often pregnant); as guests on talk shows (usually singers and actresses); as stars in soap operas (usually acting out the functions of housewife, mother and sexmate). Female television stars include: Lucy, a divorced scatter-brained secretary; Julia, a Negro nurse, widow and mother; Agent 99, wife of Maxwell Smart, this year pregnant with twins; Samantha, the gorgeous witch. Occasionally a new character is cast into an old mold. This year NBC is advertising Debbie Reynolds as the "Housewife of the Year." Sometimes an outcast will appear, such as Bernadette Devlin on the "Tonight Show," but these exceptions are rare.

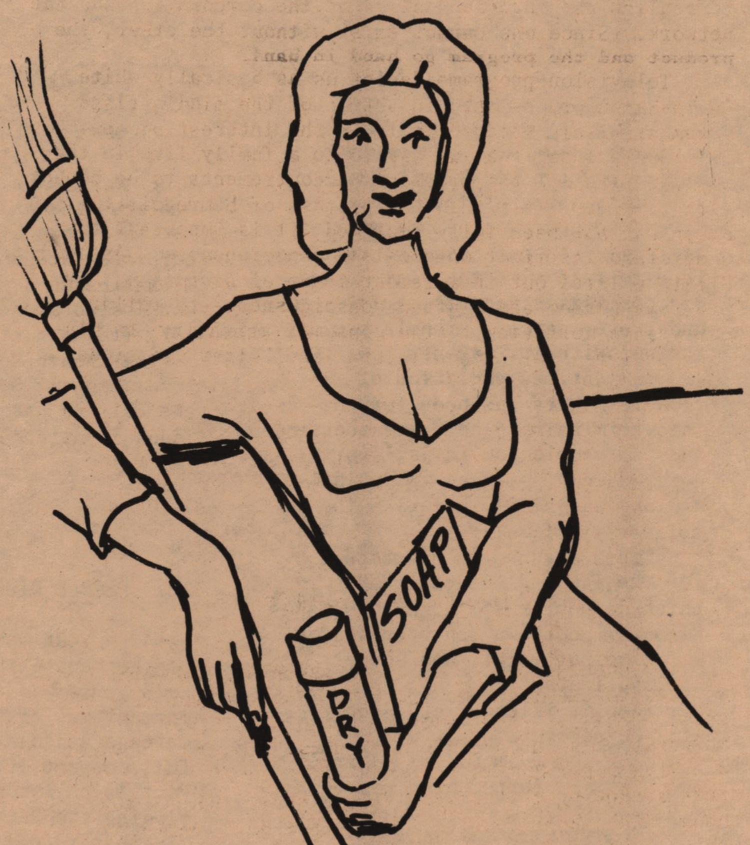
Television is controlled and dominated by men. Behind the screen, the top executives are men, the producers, directors, writers, technicians are all men. Look at the credits. Men present the ads and the public service announcements. Men host the game shows, the talk shows, the sport shows, the news shows. The news is made by men. The cowboys, spies, detectives, cops, lawyers, doctors are all men. Guests on talk shows are predominantly men.

Male Supremacy

Not only do men outrank and outnumber women, television serves as a mouthpiece for male supremacist attitudes. In one day, the following examples were noted. Steve Allen, interviewing a young woman in the audience, commented on how pretty she was. She explained that she was a student majoring in psychology. His response: "I'll bet your psychology professor is a man!" And his final comment: "By the way, what do you call your hairdo?" Ed McMahon, host of Concentration, was talking to a pretty housewife: "Too bad there's a 'Mrs.' in front of your name." At the end of the game which she lost, he consoled her: "Winning is not as important as how you walk out of here in your miniskirt." On the Hollywood Squares, the following question was asked of one of the panelists: "According to Dr. Joyce Brothers, who generally gets the last word in an argument between a husband and wife?" Answer: "The jusband, and that's how the wife wants it to be." Another question was: "According to the *Wall Street Journal*, is going around without a bra a hazard to amply endowed women?" Answer: "Yes, it speeds her physical decline." Sonny and Cher (the hip singing duo) talked about relations between the sexes on the David Frost Show. Sonny: "A woman shouldn't be placed on a pedestal. She may try to get there, but she doesn't want to make it....In our family, I'm the boss; I run things." Cher: "I agree. A women is unhappy if she can push a man around." Frost nodded in agreement and concluded: "A woman may try to fight a man, but she really wants to lose."

A day in front of the television--very depressing indeed. For a woman with class consciousness, with pride in her sex, it is a brutalizing experience. It is a brutalizing experience for *all* women, however, because it forces us to engage in a meaningless and dehumanizing struggle for the cleanest floor, the most delicious meal, and the most beautiful body. It restricts our horizons; it denies us choice. Most important, it keeps us so busy we don't realize we're down.

Women do not exist in reality as we are portrayed on television. We are not as rich, nor as beautiful, nor as dumb. But television has the vast resources to lead us down the path to total homogenization and pacification. Women engaged in a struggle for liberation need to point out (and capitalize on) the disparity between the reality and the dream, as well as point out the rottenness of the dream itself, especially as it applies to women. We need to provdie an alternative reality to that of the mass media; we need to provide a reality based on respect, on choice, on opportunity, on productivity and cooperation for everyone. The airwaves belong to the people!



FREAK & FREEDOM NEWS

JERRY RUBIN ON DOPE

In 1968 marijuana became rampant in the army. In 1969 low morale, even civil disobedience, became rampant in the army.

Why does grass inspire the Viet Cong and kill the fighting spirit of the Amerikan GI? Any pot-smoker can understand it: Marijuana is a truth serum. The Viet Cong are defending their parents, children and homes --their deaths are noble and heroic. The Amerikans are fighting for nothing you can see, feel, touch or believe in. Their deaths are futile and wasted. "Why die on Hamburger Hill?" asks the pot-smoking Amerikan soldier, as he points his gun at the head of the captain who ordered him to take a hill that only the Viet Cong want.

If the Pentagon tries to stop pot in the army, she'll end up destroying her army in the process. But if the army brass leaves grass smokers alone, army bases will soon be as turned on and uncontrollable as college campuses.

What's going to happen when all those Amerikan GI's come home? "What do you mean, we're old enough to fight and die but not old enough to smoke?"

The New Left said: I protest.

The hippies said: I am.

Grass destroyed the left as a minority movement and created in its place a youth culture.

Grass shows us that our lives, not our consciences, are at stake. As pot-heads we come face-to-face with the real world of cops, jails, courts, trials, undercover narcs, paranoia and the war with our parents.

An entire generation of flower-smokers has been turned into criminals. There are thousands of people now in jail for dope. Every pot-head is in jail as long as one is in jail. The solidarity of saliva.

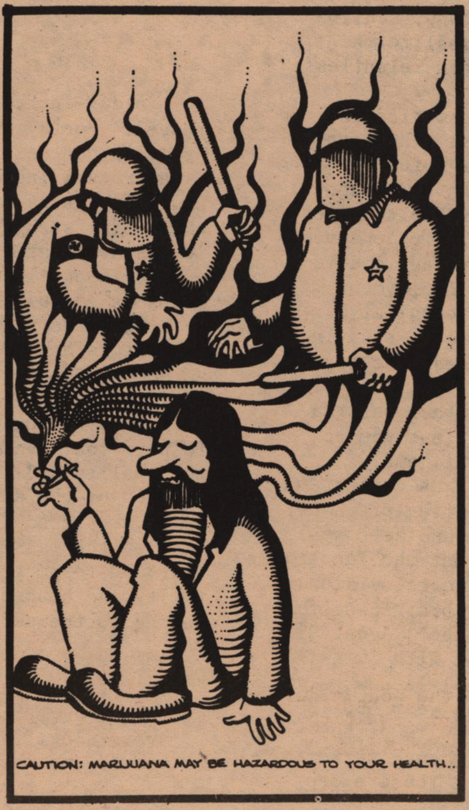
Grass teaches us disrespect for the law and the courts. Which do you trust; Richard Milhaus Nixon or your own sense organs?

Make pot legal, and society will fall apart.

Keep it illegal, and soon there will be revolution.

--from *Do It!*, Jerry's forthcoming new book

I SAID KEEP ON TRUCKIN'...


CAUTION: MARIJUANA MAY BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH..

TOO LITTLE TOO LATE

HANOVER, NEW HAMPSHIRE (LNS) --Dartmouth College, founded in 1769 to offer high education to American Indians, has announced the intention of returning to the purposes intended by its founders. It has begun a search for 15 American Indian students to join the 1970 freshman class.

Dartmouth College has a student population of 3,126. At present, the college has three Native Americans in attendance.

PEOPLE DIG THE PANTHERS

NEW YORK (LNS)--Sixty percent of the people interviewed by the *Wall Street Journal* in the black communities of New York, Cleveland, Chicago and San Francisco expressed full support of the Black Panther Party's philosophy and tactics, including the Panthers' asserted willingness to resort to violence. Only 26% flatly opposed the Panthers. 100 people were interviewed.

Much of the support comes from youth; however, many older blacks are attracted by the less publicized activities such as the free breakfast and medical programs and the Panthers' war on addictive drugs, according to the article.

Become a legally ordained minister. $2.00 donation appreciated. World Life Church, Inc. Box 717-S, Ceres, California 95307.

POT IS GOOD FOR YOU!

WASHINGTON (LNS)--Marijuana may well be very good medicine for victims of tetanus, migraine, high blood pressure and sunstroke, according to long-secret medical research just made public.

Encouraging studies, done ten years ago at the Army chemical welfare laboratory at the Edgewood Arsenal in Maryland, were disclosed when proceedings of a 1969 National Institute of Mental Health conference were published, according to a February 2 *Washington Post* dispatch.

At that scientific meeting, Dr. Van Sim of the Edgewood Arsenal called both natural marijuana and its synthetic "interesting from a medical standpoint."

"There are three areas where they can be of definite use in medicine," he asserted, having investigated two of them himself.

Marijuana, the scientist noted, lowers blood pressure for as long as 36 hours--an effect that may be helpful in treating patients with high blood pressure. Pot also quickly lowers the body temperature of experimental subjects by as much as three degrees--a possible cure for extreme cases of sunstroke. Sunstroke currently kills a large number of its victims when it is severe enough to render them unconscious. An injection of marijuana serum might save those lives.

Sim also cited the work done in the 1940's by the late Dr. Walter Siegfried Loewe of the University of Utah, who found tetrahydrocannabinol (THC or synthetic marijuana) "very effective" in preventing epileptic seizures when given in small doses.

Loewe's studies, Sim lamented, were stopped because of political pressure and fear of possible addiction. At that time medical researchers had not proven beyond doubt the virtual impossibility of physical addiction to marijuana.

Sim's work at the Army Chemical Corps Medical Research Laboratory turned up more evidence of marijuana's positive effects besides its useful medical characterists. When Sim took some marijuana-equivalent himself he found, according to the transcript of the medical conference: "Colors were intensified and landscapes especially delightful. Occasional visual hallucinations of brilliantly colored geometrical designs were experienced. Although aware of all surrounding events, I preferred to be left alone....Even the most bland and unappetizing food was very delightful."

The research disclosed in the newly published proceedings of the 1969 meeting join the overwhelming body of past work in substantiating the claim that marijuana is far superior to alcohol. No solid research has documented claims that marijuana hurts people. And there is evidence to the contrary: for example, unfinished work in Boston reportedly indicates that motor control of experienced users improves when they smoke.

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HIP POCRATES

Copyright 1969
by Eugene Schoenfeld, MD

The audience stared incredulously at Old Glory. Their eyes moved down the little wooden staff and remained fixed on its base, a candle in the shape of an erect penis. The candle was red, white and blue and larger than life. Silver stars covered its blue testicles. Jon Stedman, a Berkeley candle maker, had been busted a few days earlier on Telegraph Avenue. He was charged with displaying obscene material, disgracing the flag and vending without a license. Bail was set at $800.

The flag-topped candle remained on the podium during my talk at a VD teach-in held February 7th at the University of California's San Francisco Medical Center.

"As long as this part of the human body is considered obscene, we won't be able to erradicate venereal diseases," I told the assembled public health workers.

A week earlier, I had stopped at Byron the jeweler's tiny Dwight Way shop to rap for a few minutes with Byron and Sheila, his old lady. They showed me a ring she had just finished, a fine piece of craftsmanship. Byron is as skilled and patient a teacher as he is an artist. And Sheila is a good apprentice.

While looking at the rings my eyes caught the Stars and Stripes in their display case. It was a Jon Stedman objet d'art.

"Where did you get it?" I asked with patriotic zeal. They pointed across the street to a fellow near the entrance of a parking lot once part of People's Park. (The University of California has leased the western end of People's Park to an Orange County parking lot firm. A constant police guard is necessary to protect the few cars parked there through ignorance, malice or stupidity. Someone loses a lot of money on that lot. Autos often leave with smashed windows, broken antennas or slashed tires.)

I crossed Dwight Way and walked to the entrance of the parking lot where the candle maker was talking to a group of pickets. Inside his van were several colored phallic candles but all his red, white and blue models had been snatched up by flag-waving Berkeleyans.

"I have more at home," Stedman told me; "I'll leave one for you at Byron's later today."

When I told Byron and Sheila another show of the flag could be expected, they offered me their own candle. Returning my bus I heard the usual sounds of Telegraph Avenue.

"Acid, grass, mescaline?"

Recent "mescaline" samples have contained STP or DMA but no mescaline. The chances of finding unadulterated LSD on Telegraph are as slim as a speed freak. Maybe the grass was real.

The night before the VD teach-in I read that Jon Stedman had been arrested. Whether or not he was vending without a license I can't say. But displaying obscene material? Only if our bodies are obscene. Disgracing the flag? The Vietnam War disgraces the flag. Judge Hoffman's contempt sentences disgrace the flag.

Stedman's candle honors the flag. Long may it wave.

* * * * * * * * * * *

QUESTION: How did Aldous Huxley die? I've heard rumors that he took a massive overdose of LSD because he wanted to experience death. Is that true?

ANSWER: No known human death has ever occurred as the result of an LSD overdose. I'm speaking of pure, not adulterated, LSD. And I'm not including suicides.

Aldous Huxley died of cancer or November 22, 1963. His early experiences with the psychedelic drug, mescaline, were vividly described in *The Doors of Perception*, published in 1954 and reprinted in paperback recently.

Several published studies have indicated LSD relieves suffering and fear in people facing imminent death. The insight gained into life processes allowed them to accept death peacefully. Aldous Huxley is said to have taken LSD just before he died.

* * * * * * * * * * *

QUESTION: Is it correct to assume that a woman can reach a climax only in one position or should she keep on trying different ones all the time? We've tried everything, but I always seem to come back to one position.

Both my boyfriend and I are energetic, educated, busy, and healthy. We meet about two or three times a week. He is 54. I am fifty. We met 2 1/2 years ago.

ANSWER: Position isn't everything. Why not experiment? Some books you may find helpful are: *The Marriage Art*, John E. Eichenlaub, M. D., Dell, 75¢; *The Art and Science of Love*, Albert Ellis, Ph. D., Dell, 95¢; *Sexual Expression in Marriage*, Donald Hastings, M. D., Bantam, $1.25.

* * * * * * * * * * *

QUESTION: Ever since I took acid (about 6 months ago) I still see things after I come down. There's a negative of everything when I close my eyes and tracers of everything. Not as intense as when I'm on the drug but they are there.

Don't get me wrong, I really like the stuff. What I want to know is will this ever stop and is it safe to take acid or mescaline again? I've taken acid 6 times.

QUESTION: I am a sixteen-year-old girl. I have dropped acid around 60-70 times but stopped dropping it around 6 months ago (except for 2 times three months ago).

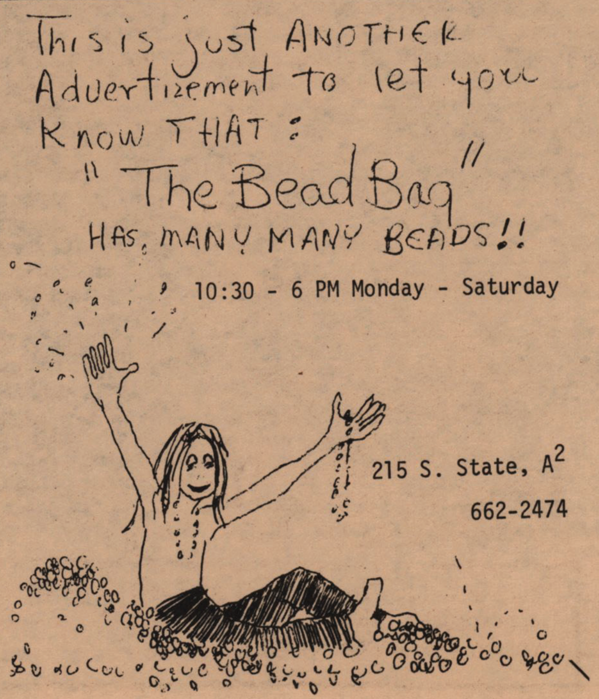
Well, I am permanently hallucinating, like seeing the walls moving and flashing colors and lights. It bothers me that I still hallucinate as much as I did months ago. I've heard of flashbacks but I'm always seeing these things. Do you know why this is?

ANSWER: The true incidence of flashbacks is unknown but they are frequently reported as a side effect of LSD use. Almost always flashbacks are unwanted and disturbing experiences.

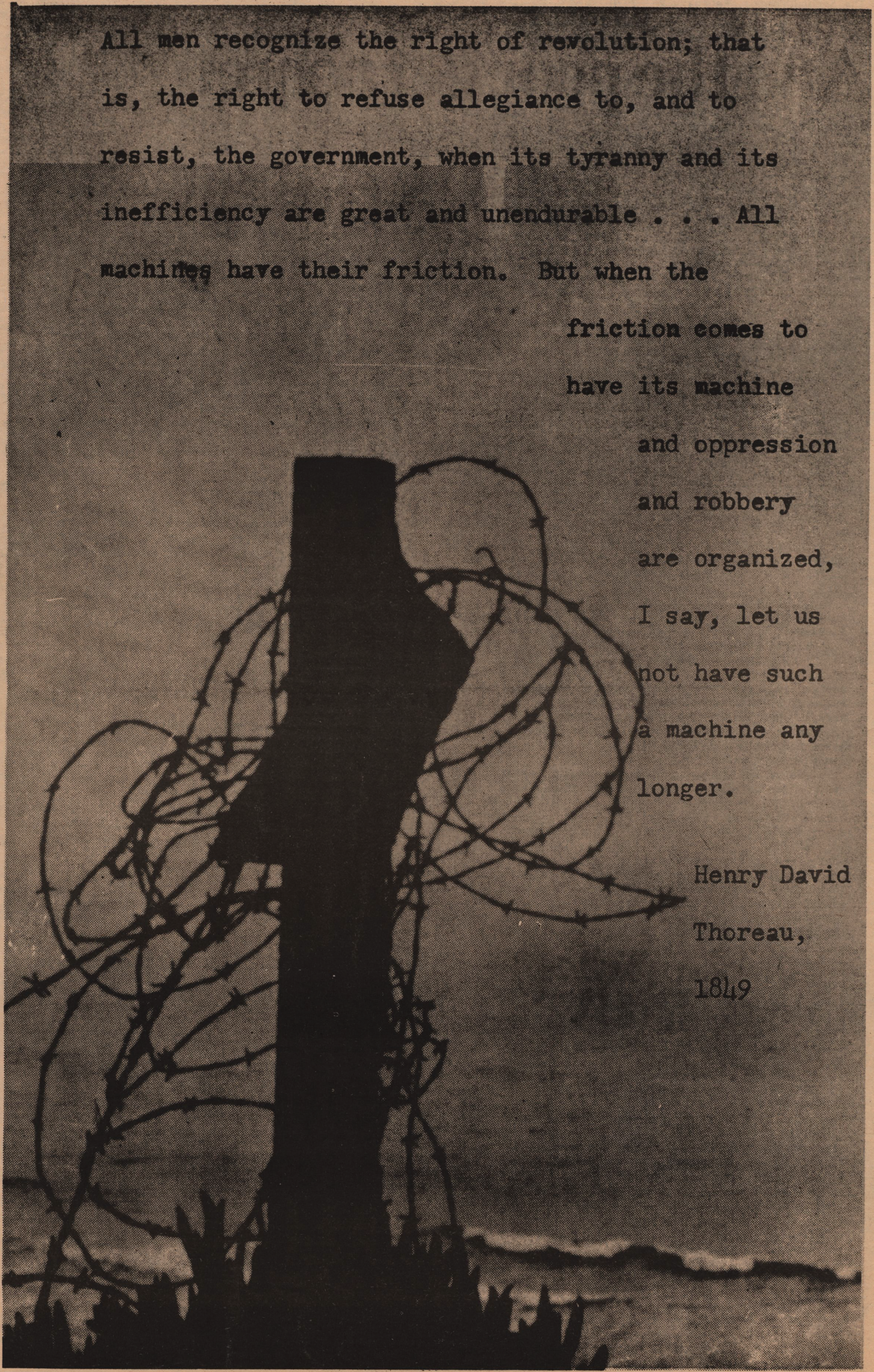
Both of you live near free medical clinics where you can be treated with a minimum of hassle.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your questions. Write to him at P. O. Box 680, Tiburon, California 94920.



This is just ANOTHER Advertizement to let you Know THAT :
"The Bead Bag"
HAS MANY MANY BEADS!!
10:30 - 6 PM Monday - Saturday
215 S. State, A^2
662-2474



All men recognize the right of revolution; that is, the right to refuse allegiance to, and to resist, the government, when its tyranny and its inefficiency are great and unendurable . . . All machines have their friction. But when the friction comes to have its machine and oppression and robbery are organized, I say, let us not have such a machine any longer.

Henry David
Thoreau,
1849

REVEAL DIGITAL

Second Coming

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